Tilly, Wait & Coleman
A. B. Mitchell

The Traveller, Family Journal,

TIMES AND SPIRIT OF THE TIMES IN NEW-YORK

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Communications.

THE BACHELOR'S CLUB.

Where be our friends, the Bachelors, now-a-days? and where be the confident, arrow-proof glances they used to fling about them so unmercifully, whenever a lady was in the vicinity? and above all, where is—or at least, what hope is there of the ball and dinner they promised us next Valentine's Day in the "*morning*?" What! can no one solve the riddle? No;—up, then, recording spirit of "daily items."—Thou, who, through the medium of the "mornings," makest known to us all connected with the dissolution of maid and bachelors, and the amalgamation of hearts. Up! I conjure thee, and propound my questions.

(Spirit rises slowly from the bottom of an ink-stand.)

Spirit. "Your first is briefly answered—there are few of them any where."

"What! not dead, I hope."

"No! nothing but their cognomens."

"Humph! I thought so—but what about the glances?"

"Soft, Mr. Scribbler; for heaven's sake have mercy—all men are not infallible, you know."

"Nay! but then they courted investigation—laughed at love—defied beauty—and, in short, as the poet has it, prided themselves in standing like tubs on their own bottoms.—Little mercy required by them, I trow."

"Look within, Sir; look within if you please. You said something the other day about never seeing L——— again—didst keep your promise?"

"Hem! yes; *till supper time.*"

"Then, Sir, you have a harder heart than your neighbor's; but it's wrong to rip up old sores, anyway; and I trust you have more magnanimity than to triumph over a vanquished man."

"Good theory, neighbor; good theory.—But your soft words will never reconcile me to the loss of a good dinner."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Laugh, friend—laugh. Draw comparisons between a bachelor's promise and a butterfly's wing—a bottle of smoke—a ball of snow, or a barber's pole."

"Bah! what a simile."

"It's a just one though, for they are both alike of *high* pretensions, and yet in the main, nothing but puffs, mere puffs, and *long* arguments; but I have another in training—what think you of a cobbler's needle."

"It has more *point*, anyhow, but why?"

"Because both usually are broke with an oath—the bachelor's promise when he gets married, and the cobbler's needle, haply when he gets drunk. But in reason is it possible that this merry band of invincibles, with their stony hearts, fortified withal by such uncontrovertable, such impregnable arguments have surrendered the garrison, and betaken themselves to leading strings. What! has a blind urchin, with a cracked bow, been too many for the whole of them, or at least so thinned their ranks that they are ashamed to muster the remnant—we fear a section of petticoats, and them not *Scotch* either, have so disorganised their forces that we will never again have the pleasure of eating their dinners, or of again recording their noble exertions in the cause of freedom and the Greek. There are some who have escaped anyhow. In the first place, B———, for he'd sooner have nailed his color to the mast than suffer himself to be made a prize of by a fairy frigate.—Say, friend, what is B. doing?"

"Spirit. Nursing a young son, sir."

"Zounds, sir; you might as well tell me he was suckling an elephant! Why, B. was the very Lycurgus of the club; a man who had not changed his 'bachelor's button' for the fairest 'two faces under a hood' in 'Christendom.'"

"Nevertheless, he is quieting little Dickey with a musing song this morning, and trembling all over like a trapped Hare, lest his wife should leave him in charge of the cradle till dinner time."

"Well, O. P. was proof, at all events."

"Yes, to every thing but Jessica's arguments. It is true he stood an open battery from her eyes long enough, and even began to boast of a triumph, but one day, unfortunately, letting slip something about the independence of an old bachelor, Jessica told him he was fit for nothing else, and so in justification of his character he married her."

"Well, I'm sure of Tom B.—however, he was sworn you know."

And very scrupulous he was of his oath, too, until one morning he met with a very irresistible pair of eyes, peeping from under a Quaker's bonnet in the Park, and the next week Tom was a perjurer.

"One word more and avaunt. If H. P. be married, then I'll never wonder at miracles."

"Why, too be sure; his business implies some thing of a mystery, for his friends say that he was courted by fascination and married by magic. The truth is this:—He fought it out manfully for many a moon, and laughed himself fat at his friends' weddings; but at last, Master Slip-boots taking 'sulks,' gave him a touch one morning, and it is supposed with a poisoned arrow, too; for Miss Polly R. was neither pretty nor rich, and H. had never clapped an eye on her till that hour, and yet it is a singular fact that no person could discover him more than a yard from the skirt of her petticoat all day after, and on the following, Miss Polly's door label was sold to a pedlar for old brass."

We will conclude with a few words of advice, to the *yet* unconquered few of the maiden gentlemen's society, which, if they abide by, there is still some hopes that they may have *"bachelor's favors"* worn at their funerals. In the first place let them wear tight boots and get corns; this is a sure preventive of love. In the second, let them live on Graham bread and water-gruel. In the third, study law. In the fourth, turn Editor. In the fifth, go to Russia. In the sixth—but enough; if any more advice be required on the subject, we would prefer giving it verbatim at the dinner that is to be; for, trust us, friends, there is nothing in this world organizes a man's intellects, or improves his eloquence so much as a "thank ye." dinner of turbots, tarts, and venison, well saturated in claret and champaigne. J. M.

A VISION.

On a rock I stood—its tow'ring height to
Me did seem almost to reach the blue vault
Of Heaven—by my side a lovely boy
I led, whose smiling face spoke no fears of
Danger near. He careless sported round the
Spot where terror bound his mother's steps. I
Had strayed unconsciously beyond
The mark of safety, nor heeded where the
Wanderings of a troubled mind had borne
Me to. Wildly I gazed—beneath me
Dashed the angry ocean's surgy wave, the
Vivid lightning o'er my head, threaten'd each
Moment to destroy and rob me of my
Boy. Frantic, I seized my precious gift
And closely to my heart I pressed what I
On earth most lov'd. The rock did quake, God of
Mercy, I exclaimed—take me, but spare,
Oh spare my child. In his infant eye the
Big tear stood trembling, in softest accents
Thus he spake, Oh tell me why do you now
Weep, Maria, have you not often told me
The good are not afraid, and God dwells in
Every spot. I fear nothing whilst you are
Near. My coward heart did shrink at
Such reproof. Forgive me Lord, I cried, I
Feel a mother's fears, which ne'er hath met a
Rival. The appeal to him who alone
Possest the power to save us was not heard—the
Rock in twain was rent—in the foaming sea
We fell—the chilling waters pass'd o'er our
Feeble frames—the hour was come to summon
Us to—awake—Lo it was but a dream. B.

Sports of the Turf.

RACES AT CHARLESTON.

At the request of a valued correspondent, we have been induced to lay before our readers the subjoined account of the races at Charleston, S. C. over the Washington Course, between Bertrand, Kate and Aratus. Bertrand is undoubtedly one of the finest horses on the American Turf, both as a racer and a stallion, and we are gratified to note that his namesake Bertrand, jr. is likely to do no discredit *to the family.*

The account below was written by Governor Wilson, of South Carolina, for the Turf Register, in 1826. Mr. Skinner remarks of it, "it is one of the very best descriptions of a race that we have ever read." [This is high praise; but spirited as we allow it to be, the Editor's sweeping eulogium will hardly convince us that it will but merely *compare* with "AN OLD TURFMAN'S" account of the Flirtilla race, or the one between Eclipse and Sir Henry. We hope no exceptions will be taken to this remark, but really we think in this matter, Mr. S. has for once, seemed inclined to "o'er step the modesty of nature." We make it as an act of justice, *entirely unsolicited*, to one who has done so much for the improvement of our breed of horses, and for the support of the Turf generally in this country.]

THE RACES.

On Saturday, November 25, 1826, the annual races over the Washington Course, terminated, with one of the greatest trials of speed and bottom ever exhibited on this or any other Course in Europe or America. The horses that had run during the three preceding days were handicapped for the cup on Saturday; and, as the racing of the week had exhibited some fine horses, every one anticipated a severe contest. At the hour of entrance, three horses were given in to the stewards: Colonel Spann's Bertrand, who won the first day, Mr. Davenport's horse Aratus, who won the second, and Mr. Harrison's Kate, that had won the sweepstakes. The speed and excellence of Aratus and Kate were no secret to the sportsmen, and, being from the same stable, the friends of Bertrand (always a favorite on this turf) saw that a dreadful strife awaited him, with such fearful odds opposed. Colonel Spann decided against running his horse; and it was expected, at this moment, there would be no race. Mr. Harrison, at this juncture, agreed to draw one of the horses from his stable, in order to contribute to the amusement of the vast assemblage of persons present. After this determination was made, Colonel Spann, being satisfied that his horse could lose nothing of his well-earned reputation by being beaten in such an unequal match, and being equally desirous to contribute to the sports of the turf—agreed to run his horse, although both Aratus and Kate should run, and notified Mr. Harrison of his determination.

As soon as it was positively known that the three horses would run, the most knowing sportsmen were against Bertrand; but would only take the field against him. Many bets were made in that way, Bertrand against the field: many were made upon the several heats. Never was greater anxiety manifested than was witnessed at the starting: and at the word the three went off in handsome style. In the first round it was distinctly seen that Aratus was to make his great effort for the heat, and Kate was just to drop within the distance. Bertrand kept close upon the haunches of Aratus; and when at fit parts of the course, would, under whip and spur, push him to the utmost of his speed. The two horses were never separated a length; and for the last half mile the push was dreadful, and the speed of the horses so nearly equal, that the heat was gained by Aratus by half a neck. Kate just came within her distance.

The friends of Bertrand, at this moment, were despondings; and the betters of "the field against Bertrand" were more numerous and constant. The second heat afforded many bets; the friends of Bertrand taking him against Aratus. It was now foreseen that Kate was to take the second heat, if possible; knowing the inability of Aratus to run such another heat with so dreadful a competitor as Bertrand. In the first round, of the second heat, Kate passed ahead very gallantly, and Bertrand near to her, whilst Aratus kept at a doubtful distance, and, from his position, it could not well be determined what was his object; many believing he would make a push in the third round, and if successful, decide the race in two heats. Bertrand kept a very even course; and whilst he was looking out ahead, took care to drop Aratus so far astern as he saw Aratus did not intend to try for the heat, and knowing the speed of Kate, directed the rider of Bertrand to fall within his distance, and let Kate have the heat. Bertrand was accordingly moderated in his speed, which was soon discovered by the wily Bob Woody, who was riding Kate when he hauled up. As soon as Bertrand's rider saw Kate in hand, he determined to steal a march upon her, if possible; and in the last quarter, gave the whip and spur to Bertrand, and pushed Kate so closely that the heat was won by half a length only by Kate. Aratus just fell within his distance.

After this heat the bets were four to three against Bertrand, taking the field against him. The feelings of all that were before indifferent were now enlisted in favor of Bertrand. They saw a noble, gallant animal, brought through two heats, under whip and spur, by numbers, and successful combination and management. His friends that backed him at starting were now fearful of the issue; but on talking with the rider of Bertrand, were somewhat relieved, he declaring the certainty of his ability to take the next heat; and his belief that if he had not been directed to ease his horse the third round of the second heat, he could have beaten it.

The third heat was entered upon with the most extreme anxiety. The friends of Bertrand came out warmly in his favor now, and offered bets for the heat; many were taken. Bertrand now had to make a great exertion; for, if this heat was lost, all was lost but reputation. He took the track early in the heat, and by hard running, kept it throughout; beating Kate about a length, Aratus thus falling within the distance. The burst of exultation at this success, was loud and long continued—Bertrand had exhibited himself capable of great and long continued effort. The friends of Bertrand had regained much confidence; they saw that Kate was put *hors de combat*; but they still saw Aratus comparatively fresh for the contest, having run at his ease during Kate's contest with Bertrand.

The fourth heat Kate was drawn, and Bertrand and Aratus were now to decide the contest single handed. Aratus had been saved two successive heats, and Bertrand had run three successive heats under whip and spur. At starting, Aratus exhibited the advantages of his rest, and took the lead, Bertrand hanging upon his haunches. In the second round, Bertrand made a desperate rush, and ran, locked with Aratus for near half a mile. Expectation was on tiptoe at this juncture; and when, at the turn, Bertrand was compelled to fall in, all feared for the result. On the third and last round, at the same point, Bertrand made his last push, and succeeded in passing his antagonist and taking the track. Aratus now hung on his haunches until the last quarter, when the great and last effort was made, and the heat was won by Bertrard by half a length. The burst of joy at this moment was long, loud, severe, and reiterated again and again. The great horse of the south had performed the greatest race on record—Bertrard's reputation was now placed beyond the reach of contingencies. The eagle that was hawked at by mousing owls, had not only escaped unhurt, but had risen to a more sublime and towering height. Bertrand was now one of the first horses in the world. The great reputation he had already gained, left him now without a rival. All were gratified at his victory. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs in exultation, and their smiles of joy gave a new lustre to their beauty. Congratulations seemed to on passing between all. The great trial had resulted in favor of the great horse. So fine a race was never run on the Washington course; and the oldest sportsmen averred that they never saw any thing superior on any turf. The day was very warm, the sun bright and clear, and all seemed delighted and charmed with the sports of the day. The following is the time of running: First heat, 5 m. 18 s.—second heat, 5 m. 47 s.—third heat, 5 m. 54 s.—fourth heat, 5 m. 53 s.

Thus twelve miles were run in 23 m. 20 s. The great Eclipse race, between that horse and Henry, in May, 1823, was twelve miles in 23 m. 50 s.

Bertrand has won the three first days, over the Charleston Course, for the last three years and handicap purses. Bertrand has never been beaten four miles, and is now considered, in S. Carolina, the first horse in America. He is without injury from the race, and we hope to witness his powers the next year."

Winners of King's Plates in Great Britain 1832.

Newmarket, May 8—Duke of Grafton's Oxygen, by Emilius.
Ditto, May 10—Lord Chesterfield's Priam, by Emilius.
Chester, May 8—Lord Derby's Speculator, by Lottery.
Manchester, June 13—Mr. Ferguson's Totoram, by Lottery.
Newcastle, June 18—Lord Cleveland's Stotforth, by Octavian.
Ascot, June 19—Mr. W[illegible] Conscript, by Whalebone.
Ditto, June 22—(Fox Hunters)—Count Matuchewitz's Lawnsleeves, by Dr. Syntax.
Hampton, June 27—Mr. Martyn's Misletoe, by Emilius.
Liverpool, July 3—Lord Derby's Speculator.
Ipswich, July 3—Lord Berner's Ringleader, by Merlin.
Guilford, July 11—Lord Lowther's Timekeeper, by Smolensko.
Chelmsford, July 17—Sir M. Wood's Lucetta, by Reveller.
Salisbury, July 26—Mr. Sadler's Jock boy, Pilho.
York, August 7—Lord Cleveland's Stotforth.
Ditto, August 10—Lord Cleveland's Maria, by Whisker.
Lewes, August 8—Col. Cosby's Donegani, by Tramp.
Goodwood, August 17—Mr. Saddler's Jocko.
Canterbury, August 22—Mr. Watson's Conscript.
Winchester, August 23—Mr. Sadlers' Jocko.
Northampton, August 30—Mr. Sowerby's Vagrant, by Tramp.
Warwick, Sept. 6—Mr. Sadler's Jocko.
Weymouth, Sept. 6—Mr. Bigg's Little Red Rover, by Tramp.
Bedford, Sept. 6—Sir M. Wood's Lucetta.
Lichfield, Sept. 12—Mr. Mott's, Clarion, by Tarrare.
Leicester, Sept. 13—Mr. Chapman's The Cardinal, by Waxy Pope.
Doncaster, Sept. 17—Mr. Houldsworth's Contest, by Catton.
Shrewsbury, Sept. 18—Mr. Sadler's Jocko.
Lincoln, Sept. 26—Mr. Ramsden's Volage, by Waverley.
Carlisle, Sept. 26—Mr. Jaque's Ossian.
Newmarket, Oct. 4—Sir M. Wood's Lucetta.
Nottingham, Oct 12—Mr. Houldsworth's Vansh, by Phantom.
Fife Meeting, Oct. 10—M. Montgomery's Terror, by Magistrate.
Edinburgh, Oct. 25—Mr. Greig's Ballochmyle, by Peter Lely.

It is the hand of woman that gives him the ease and comforts of home, and smooths the pillow that launches him into the tomb of his fathers.

Matrimonial Miscellany.

NUMBER X.

BY CELEBS BENEDICT, ESQ.

Written for the N. Y. Traveller and Times.

MATRIMONY.

To Celebs Benedict, Esq.

It is—Ladies help me out—
It is a question difficult to settle,
Depending much on what's within—without—
Much on the lady's talents, truth and mettle;
But more on a resolve to stick together
Through all the humours of the spirit's weather.

If there is a pure and quiet heart within—
Without—a face and form not deemed unpleasant,
Unsoiled by too close sympathy with sin,
Scorning to take from guilty bliss a present:
The wear and tear of thought and years, should
never
That face and form from my remembrance sever!

Talent enough, when I come home at night,
To sing me Mary's Dream, and make my porridge,
Light my segar by her soul's peaceful light;
And tan such bread as Kinney keeps at Norwich,*
And, when beside my breast she felt me lock her,
Read Charley Hoffman's welcome Knickerbocker.

As to the lady's truth—I hope she'd really
Contrive to love me till the moon is over,
Whose bashful glance will tinge our bed so
clearly,
Lending a pallid richness to the cover,
Paling her blushing face upon the pillow,
As mine droops o'er her like a whispering willow.

As to her mettle—never mind how much—
The loveliest climates have the loudest thunder—
The lady might flash at the slightest touch;
If she went off—it would'nt be a wonder!
If I should go off, too—the other way,
And catch some other beauty of Broadway.

New York, Jan. 28, 1833.

* Keeper of the hotel at Norwich, Connecticut.

Written for the N. Y. Traveller and Times.

WOMAN.

Oh! how the dullest heart is stirred
As that word melts upon the ear—
That gentle and delightful word,
Our happiest hours have made so dear.

'Tis Nature's blessed beacon light,
Burning with soft and steady ray,
Guiding the world's lone wanderers right
When life's cold tempests cloud their way,

Its power is felt in childhood's years,
Before the mind can reason, why
Joined with a thousand hopes and fears,
That make the schoolboy smile and sigh.

Before he's learned the name to spell,
Love has been busy in his breast,
Awakened by some satchel'd belle,
Whose witcheries will not let him rest.

The object of his bashful choice,
To whom he is afraid to speak;
Or, if he ventures—with faint voice
And downcast gaze, and glowing cheek.

Too often will her thrilling eye
Steal on his lesson with a look,
That makes him bid the task good bye,
As the soul's finest nerves are shook!

And when he flushes to his teens—
What spurs his studies and his plays;
Holds him among the roughest scenes,
The hope of some girl's whispered praise.

Yes! woman's white hand rules the world—
That beauteous sceptre all obey;
The heart's strong pinions are unfurl'd,
Where e'er it points to glory's way!

The sailor—on the midnight deck,
When death is ankle deep in gore—
'Mid the fierce noise, and blazing wreck,
Thinks of a fond pale face ashore.

The soldier—moving to the field,
That few perhaps may ever leave,
Were his most anxious thought revealed,
'Twould be for her he left to grieve.

The statesman—in his mightiest speech,
On which a nation's weal may rest,
Thinks of the time when it will reach
The lips that his have proudly pressed.

The poet—who has breathed a song,
Whose echo Centuries will repeat
Amid the earth's admiring throng,
Deems woman's fearful meed most sweet.

E'en the 'cute Yankee, when he made
The "wooden nutmeg," just to do,
And saw how he could trick the trade,
Thought of the chink 'twould make for Sue!

Thus through ev'ry grade of life,
From the highest to the humblest place—
From study's calm to battles strife,
Her influence leaves a lasting trace.

Each glorious prompting of the mind,
Each hallowed feeling of the heart—
All that's ennobling and refined,
With woman's image have a part.

With her sweet memory are allied
Our liveliest hopes from youth to age—
Her smiles have been the secret pride
Of Mortals high on history's page.

'Tis felt to blend with every aim,
Ambition's grand excitement makes—
And dearest is that quiet fame
That from her lips its softness takes.

Her presence, like a moonlight calm,
Soothes our wild passions to repose—
Life-care to her its purest charm
Through every rough change to its close!

Jan. 10, 1833.

PATIENT COURTSHIP.

I knew a man that went courting his sweetheart the distance of three miles every evening for fourteen years, beside dogging her home after church on Sunday afternoons: making above 15,000 miles. For the first seven years he only stood and courted in the door porch; but for the remaining period he ventured (what a liberty after a septennial attachment!) to hang his hat on a pin in the passage and sit on the kitchen settle. The wedding, a consummation devoutedly to be wished, was solemnized when Robert and Hannah were in their sear and yellow leaf.

IMPORTANCE OF WOMAN.

She gives birth to the species, and adorns its creation by its traits.

The first sensation of rapture experienced by man, is while inhaling nourishment from the breast of woman.

The first desire of permanent happiness is to embrace woman.

The first enjoyment of life is on the breast of woman.

The last sigh of expiring virtue is drawn on the breast of woman.

It is the voice of woman that cheers his drooping soul with hope.

It is the song of woman that enkindles in her heart the sense of rapture.

It is the tear of woman that assuages his sorrows.

It is the sigh of woman that maddens him with the delirium of love.

A WIFE.

When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, sing and dance; it is a being who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate—one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joy, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in the drawing-room, and attract the admiration of the company.

A KISS.

A lady and a gentleman a few evenings ago, were conversing upon the science of grammar. "Pray, madam," said the gentleman, "what part of speech is a kiss?" "Ah, what is it?" replied the lady. "A substantive, I believe, madam." "Is it a noun proper or common?" interrogated the lady. "Proper, madam." "No," rejoined she, "I think it both proper and common." The reader may guess what followed.

A Courtship.—A rich young gentleman, a few years ago, became marvelously uneasy. His sleep was broken; his heart throbbed violently, the poor fellow was suffering the last agonies of love. He unfortunately was quint eyed, but overlooking on his wealth, he commenced loving a pretty black eyed girl, who had much of this world's good, but—who was deaf. She managed to preserve the ties of sociality by *listening* to the looks, and translating the expressions of the ever shifting countenances. She concealed her mortifying deafness from her lover, who, like a modest man, one still evening, when even a zephyr would have hooted a disturber, began to whisper his limpid love, but the fair lady made no response,—the squint eyed Lotharia angrily bawled out to his love, "Why the deuce don't you answer my repeated questions!" "Why, sir, I did not hear you." "What, are you deaf then!" "Yes sir," with a blush.

On the following morning he sent the following note: My dear Miss ——, I cannot bring my mind to admire deception. I sympathize with your defect; which you attempted to conceal—unsuccessfully—I must bid you good bye. I never can love a deaf wife. Yours, with profound esteem.

The young lady, not at all terrified, stripped the circumstance of its gloomy horrors, and quickly indited this piquant rejoinder.

My dear Sir: No tint of words can change your ugly temper. I scorn your tantalizing sympathy. I cannot conceive of a more ludicrous object than yourself. I mean your squint eye. Yours, with great deliberation.

European Field Sports.

THE ROYAL HUNT.

Extraordinary Run.—We are enabled to give our readers the following (we hope) pretty accurate account of the tremendous run on Monday last, December 3, with his Majesty's hounds:—

The celebrated deer (Riply) was uncarted at Iver Heath at half past eleven o'clock, and appeared to know the country as soon as set at liberty, starting off (as usual) past Long Copse to Denham: crossing the canal he lay up in a hedge, and was roused by the hounds, when he bounded off at the top of his speed. The pace was desperately hard, and so continued on to Twickenham, Ruslip, Eastcourt, and Pinner. Here the first check occurred, owing to the stag taking the water, but a wide cast hit him off, and the running became very fine, the country being all grass land, but excessively heavy from the preceding night's rain. Passing over Harrow Weald, from thence he proceeded on to Stanmore, where taking soil to Cannon's Park, all the Nunrod's concluded he was tired, and intended to yield to his pursuers; consequently, with the exception of about six, besides the servants of the hunt, they all left. A rouse was now procured for the purpose of getting the deer off the water, but at the sight of the cord he instantly leaped on terra firma, and seemed to bid a proud defiance to his pursuers, for, having shaken the water from his beautiful sleek coat, he once more started away at a good pace over a delightful country, passing Edgware, on through Scratch Wood to Barnet, South Mimms, over Colney Heath, to within one mile of Hatfield, where the hounds were called off, it being too dark to continue the chace, although in good scent with this wonderful animal, there being no doubt that, had daylight remained for twenty minutes longer, he would have been taken that night. The hounds, &c. retired for the night to Colman's at St. Albans, intending to pursue the chace the following day. On Tuesday, however, the horses, from the extraordinary exertions the previous day, were not in a fit state to allow much time in drawing for him; consequently did not find, but returned to head-quarters for the night. The next day (Wednesday) proved equally unsuccessful, and we have not received any further intelligence of this extraordinary animal. Ripley baffled his pursuers in a similar manner in the month of February last season, and spent several days at large near Enfield Chace, in Essex. Owing to a dense fog, the hounds were called off, and took up their quarters at Barnet. That run was more severe, but not so long as the above.—*The Emigrant.*

MR. CHANDOS LEIGH'S HARRIERS.

The harriers of the hospitable owner of Stoneleigh Abbey have had several capital days' hunting this season, and the sport they furnished yesterday (Friday, Nov. 30,) to a numerous field would scarcely have been found a relaxation from the pursuits of fox-hounds so long and so severe were their runs. They met at Lillington, and found their first hare in the garden of Mr. Oldham, at Newbold Comyn. Puss commenced the sport by running a ring round Mr. Oldham's farm; thence she went, by Lillington straight away to Milverton; here she turned, made a double and ran back to Cubbington, and thence towards Lillington again, where she was killed, after a run of nearly an hour without a check.—A second hare was found near Chesford bridge, which, in strength and bottom, surpassed the Newbold puss—excellent as was the sport she had furnished. The Chesford hare led off by "ringing" Bullmore Wood, then she went straight ahead to the back of Kenilworth Castle, where she ran another extensive ring; but after this hasty survey, not liking the vicinage, she once more took to a more straightforward course, and went right away to Lord Warwick's Deer Park, there through the Old Park, and was finally killed at Hatton, after a run of more than an hour and a quarter. The distance from point to point, independent of puss's wide spreadings, could not be less than nine miles; and the pace was capital—so much so, that nothing but the very best cocktails could live with the hounds.—*Morning Herald, Dec. 1.*

CHELTENHAM HUNT.

Some dissatisfaction has been caused among the fox hunters of Cheltenham and the vicinity, who have long been in the habit of enjoying the sport with Lord Segrave, in consequence of Mr. Elungton having written to his Lordship, informing him that, being anxious to preserve his game in the Down Hath-ley woods, he has given orders for the destruction of foxes, and therefore requests that his Lordship will in future refrain from beating the covers there. Mr B. gives another reason for his making this request, namely—that his tenants have long made serious complaints of the injury they sustained.

SUCCESSFUL SPORTING.

On Thursday last, Nov. 29, Marsden of Merthyr accompanied by a friend, proceeded to Rumney to enjoy a day's shooting, where, in twenty shots, they bagged eight brace of woodcocks, besides, in the course of the day, killing a brace of pheasants, two hares, and a brace of snipes.

HUNTING MEMORANDA.

Mr. Osbaldiston is likely to retire from the list of Masters of Foxhounds at the close of this season, by which the Pychley country will become vacant.—Quorndon Hall, so long the residence of the different Masters of the Quorn hounds, is for sale! Melton Mowbray was never known so dull as it has been this season; there are plenty of horses, though few to ride them.

Biography.

From the New York Mirror.

BRIEF NOTICES OF AMERICAN WRITERS.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

Among the early American poets, the name of Philip Freneau stands in the front rank. His writings are associated with some of our most pleasing reminiscences; for it was at school we first met with them, and the favorable impression they then produced has never passed away. The same old volume now lies upon our table, destitute of cover and title-page, but bearing ample internal evidence of being printed some five years previous to the commencement of the present century. The large initial capital at the commencement of each piece, the long *fs*, and the picturesque mixture of large and small capitals in the head-lines, together with a plentiful sprinkling of *italics*, are certain indications of its antiquity.

Philip Freneau was born in the city of New York, on the second day of January, old style, (thirteenth, new style,) in the year 1752. The house in which he first saw the light, is still standing in Frankfort street, as we have been informed by one of the family. The domicil from which his grandfather was buried, more than a century ago, in Pearl street, near Hanover square, is the same that was occupied as an auction store, by the late David Dunham. His parents emigrated from France, with other protestants, in consequence of the repeal of the edict of Nantz; and were among the most prominent and zealous Huguenots who erected the St. Esprit church in Pine street, lately torn down to give place to the range of elegant new stores now occupied as the custom house. Philip's father died while the son was quite young, and at a Latin school, preparing for Princeton college, where he graduated in the year 1771, Mr. Madison being his class and room mate. During the revolutionary war, he was a staunch whig and political writer of no small influence. For some time he was associated with the celebrated Hopkins, (author of the Battle of the Kegs,) and their political writings were published in Philadelphia, to the great annoyance of the English and the tories, both of whom were lashed without mercy. He was also taken prisoner, and confined on board a prison ship. After the establishment of the federal government, he held a situation in the office of the Secretary of State, which he finally relinquished to conduct a newspaper in Philadelphia, called the Freeman's Journal, and was the only editor who stuck to his post during the awful visitation of the yellow fever, in the summer of 1791. He then became a shipmaster, and visited several parts of the world, among which were Madeira, the West Indies, &c. Among his intimate friends and correspondents were Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. Few men of that day wrote so much or so well, both in prose and poetry, as Mr. Freneau; and his posthumous pieces would have been abundant, had not his house at Mount Pleasant been consumed by fire, soon after the late war, when most of his papers fell a prey to the devouring element.

The antiquated octodecimo before us contains about three hundred pieces, in prose and poetry, on a great variety of subjects; and some of them will rank in excellence with almost any English productions of that period. But he has written much since the date of that volume; and among his later effusions, most of our readers will recollect his humorous song on the bombardment of Stonington, by the British, in 1814. In the following year, the late David Longworth published two small volumes, entitled, "A collection of poems, on American affairs, and a variety of other subjects, chiefly moral and political; written between 1797 and 1815, by Philip Freneau, author of Poems written during the revolutionary war, miscellanies, &c." These books comprise about two hundred pieces printed from the author's original and corrected manuscripts. A few selections shall close this brief notice of a writer, who should not be suffered to pass from among us "unhonored and unsung." Many of his productions will live when much of the fashionable, new-fangled, mawkish verse of modern poets, will have sunk into endless oblivion. The following is taken from the edition of 1795.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall find thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with these charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see thy future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers less gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom)
Unpitying frosts, and autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews,
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The mere idea of a flower.

The following is from the edition of 1815.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

Disasters on disasters grow,
And those which are not sent, we make;
The good, we rarely find below,
Or in the search, the road mistake.
The object of our fancied joys
With eager eye we keep in view:
Possession, when acquired, destroys
The object, and the passion too.

The hat that hid Belinda's hair
Was once the darling of her eye;
'Tis now dismiss'd, she knows not where;
Is laid aside, she knows not why.

SPLENDID FOX HUNT.

The Warwickshire hounds, under the spirited management of J. Russell, Esq., have commenced their season with an *eclat* which augurs auspiciously. They have had some excellent runs; and on Thursday, Dec. 6th afforded as brilliant a day's sport as was ever enjoyed. Chesterton Woods was the appointment, where a numerous and well-mounted field assembled. The hounds killed their first fox at Ladbroke. From thence they went to Radbourne Gorse, where a fox of "the right sort" was immediately found. Reynard made neither point nor double, but at once broke cover, with the hounds close at his brush. He led them, at a shapping pace, to Oderhill, thence by Chapel Ascot, Ladbroke, and Bishop's Itchington, and was run into in gallant style, and killed on Itchington Heath, after a run over a fine sporting country, without a moment's check, of full sixteen miles. The distance was run in twenty-five minutes; and some old and experienced Nimrods pronounced it to be the most splendid as well as run as they had ever witnessed.—*Leamington Courier, Dec. 12.*

Miscellany.

PUBLIC HOUSES.

There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every body should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests, and his guests are anxious to be agreeable towards him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own, whereas at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome, and the more noise you make, and the more trouble you give—the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servant will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn.—*Dr. Johnson.*

From Fraser's Magazine for November.

CRIMES AND THEIR SLANG NAMES.

To enter into the number and nature of the laws in this country would occupy too much space; some notion of their sanguinary character may, however, be formed when it is stated that thirty years ago there were upwards of one hundred and sixty different offences which subjected the parties who were found guilty of any of them to death, without benefit of clergy. Although in the present day, notwithstanding the severity of the laws, the different modes of committing crimes are almost endless, the principal actors in criminality may be classed under the following heads:—

VULGUS.

Housebreakers	Cracksmen, pannymen.
Highwaymen and Footpads	Grand-tobymen, Spiesmen.
Coiners	Bit-makers.
Utterers of base metal	Smashers.
Pickpockets	Buzzmen, clyfakers, conveyancers.
Stealers of goods & money from shops, areas, &c	Sneaks.
Shoplifters	Shop Bouncers
Snatchers of reticules, watches, &c. from the person	Grabbers.
Horse and cattle stealers	Prad-nabbers.
Women and men who waylay inebriate persons for the purpose of robbery	Rompa.
Receivers of stolen goods	Fences.
Forgers	Fakers.
Embezzlers	Bilkers.
Swindlers of every description, among which are	Macers, Duffers, and Ringdroppers.
Stealing from cartsdr carriages of all kinds	Dragsmen.
To which may be added all kinds of plundering on the river and its banks, on board shipping, barges, &c.	Light-horsemen, heavy-horsemen, game-watchmen, do. lighermen, scuffle-hunters, copemen, &c. &c.

LENGTH OF A JOKE.

A man was tried for running away with a pair of boots from a shop door. In the course of examination the judge asked a witness who had pursued and seized the prisoner: "What did he say when you caught him?" Witness—My Lord, he said he took the boots in a joke. Judge—And pray how far did he carry the joke? Witness—About forty yards, my Lord.

ACCOMMODATION NOTES.

Uncle Obadiah, said a graceless young merchant who had about consumed his patrimony, to a shrewd old Quaker relative, I can have a thousand dollars at the bank, which I want to use a few days, till I collect some of my heavy outstandings, and I will thank you just to put your name on the back of this note. Why, Nathan, what does thee want my name on the back of the note for? Oh, only a mere matter of form: the Bank always requires two names, it will make no difference or trouble to you; I shall take it up when due. But, Nathan, will they not ask me to pay the thousand dollars, if thee dont pay it? Why, Oh, Ah, Why yes, if I *dont*. Well, Nathan, I think I had better not put it on, for if thee *dont* pay it, I am sure I dont want to.—*Portland Courier.*

AN INFANT COMMENTATOR.

The gravity of one of our Sunday School teachers was a good deal reduced the last Sabbath, by an original commentary on a passage in the Bible. A little girl, between five and six years of age, had, as a part of her lesson, the 4th verse of the 2d chapter of Exodus, which read thus: "And his sister stood afar off, to wit what would be done." The child was not deeply read in the "pure Saxon" of good old Dr. Lowth, and knew but one sense in which the word *wit* could be properly used. She accordingly persisted in despite of the more mature intelligence of her preceptress, that the verse should be "amended so as to read," as they say in the big house, "And her sister stood afar off *and had not wit too see* what would be done."—*Transcript.*

A shopkeeper had in his cellar a barrel of gunpowder, in the same vault he had some meal, &c. His sister went, one night last week, to get some of the latter article, and not knowing which barrel it was opened the gunpowder first and did not discover it. She presently after re-ascended; "Where is the candle?" said the brother. "I have left it sticking up in that black sand," was the reply. He instantly descended, and putting his hands together like a funnel, he place them round the candle, and thus extracted it from the barrel of gunpowder! When he came up stairs, he fainted.—*English paper.*

One day last Session, as the Committee of Management was sitting in Synod in the managers room of one of the patent theatres, discussing the receipts and disbursements of an Easter piece, in which their was an effective scene of a sea-storm, (produced as usual, by shaking and agitating a piece of green canvass,) a tremendous noise was heard at the door. Out pops the stage manager's head, to find a mob of little boys from six to ten years of age. "What's the matter, my lads!" "Please, sir, the waves strike." The waves!" "Yes sir, they wants to cut us down to two

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER,
TIMES AND JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail.
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

New-York:
SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 2, 1833.

TO OUR PATRONS.

It will be perceived by the following notice from the former editors and proprietors of Porter's Family Journal, that this work has been embodied with the Traveller and Times. The present number will be forwarded to all the Subscribers of the Journal, and those who are *unwilling* to *receive* and *pay for* the united papers will please give timely notice to that effect by writing their names on the margin of the paper and returning them by mail or otherwise, directed to the "Traveller and Times."

PORTER'S FAMILY JOURNAL.

This paper is now embodied with the Traveller and Times, and we trust in presenting this sheet to our Patrons, with its deservedly high reputation and popularity, no apology on our part is called for. The experience, talent and enterprise of Messrs. Hunt and Adams, are a sure guarantee that the public will find in this work a most interesting and valuable Family Journal. Should any of the few that have paid in advance prefer *Porter's Family Library of Health, Popular Medicine, Science of Human Life, Prevention and Cure of Disease*, they will be supplied with it as issued. A Prospectus will be found in the columns of this paper.

PORTER & CO.

TRINITY CHURCH YARD.

THE CORPORATION, *vs.* THE DEAD.

"Good Friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Bless'd be the man that spares these stones,
But curs'd be he that moves my bones.
SHAKSPEARE'S EPITAPH.

We have been often *falsely* villified for our vulgarity, and therefore, either laughed at the charge or defended ourselves with honor; but, Good Heavens! if the nations of the Earth shall hereafter asperse Americans for their inhumanity, how shall we attempt to gainsay them? Here, in the city of New York! an *ordinance* has been passed for rifling the sacred sanctuary of the *dead*. TRINITY CHURCH YARD is to be ravaged—the ashes of our forefathers to be scattered to the winds of heaven—the bones of our departed friends to be crushed beneath the mallet of the paver—and all for what? Simply because *some men* are of opinion, that the continuation of *Pine* will be more favorable to the driving of a *cart* than *Thames Street*.

In every age—in every clime of note—the home—might we not say, the birthright of mortality, held, and holds the *first place* in the reverence of the people. The Temple has been rent—the Church demolished—but the TOMB was ever spared! The inhabitants of some countries have been so tenacious about the bones of their kindred, that they used to keep them inurned in their houses; and when forced to fly before the arms of an invader—no matter how great the peril—how wild the way—or how dear their other possessions, those beloved relics were the first things secured to accompany them in their exile.

Honor for the ashes of the dead cannot be treated as the effect of a peculiar education. No—it is a native—a universal feeling, implanted by heaven in the human breast, and we really would not wish to claim kindred sympathy with that man, whose actions betrayed that he never possessed it.

Let us look among the ancients and see how strongly this feeling was cherished. They went so far as to suppose that the ransomed spirit felt an interest in the disposal of its deserted shrine, and though we may deem the idea wild, still it is a beautiful and impressive one, and highly calculated to awaken the noblest, the holiest feelings of the heart, and strengthen our mental connexion with the haven of the soul.

Nor have those noble ideas become degenerate. The relics of the departed are still held as sacred as ever, and shall always be so, till the dark barrier that now hangs between life and life has been withdrawn, and until all men have past the ordeal and discovered the mystery. Is not the denial of the rights of burial the greatest stretch of the power of the law? and is it ever resorted to but in cases where the crimes of the culprit are supposed to render his bones unworthy an association with those of his fellows? No. Then what advantage have the ashes of those who have unfortunately been buried in the about to be ravaged cemetery, over the remains of the traitor, and the murderer. None, —nay, they are put to more degraded purposes; for while the latter are made serviceable to the cause of science, the former, perhaps, may be used in damming a ditch, or in laying the foundation of a gaming house. O! shame—shame—must Americans be the first to step forward to show the world such a flagrant example of disrespect and impiety? To you, reader, we individually address ourselves. Haply you may have an honored father—an adored mother—a cherished sister—or some beloved relative sleeping there—and if you have, we know it is a source of melancholy but fervent joy for you to contemplate their graves. Do you not love to hang over their honored remains, and let your memory wander back to the hours that bind them to you by a thousand delightful associations?—your father's advice—your mother's lectures—your sister's kiss—and perchance your lover's sigh? Yes! nature responds your answer to our heart. Then, such being the case, is there any thing under heaven, would indemnify you for the loss of that pleasure? Is there any thing would bribe you tamely to suffer their bones to be polluted while you have a tongue to speak your wrongs? But even though according to our circumscribed notion of relationship, you should have no relative buried there; consider but one moment the ties of humanity—the feelings that involve you with your fellows, and you will denounce the man who would seriously contemplate such a fearful hiatus in the order of things as something to be hated.

Church yards rich with the sports of time, are any thing but the most desolate parts of creation. The man of crimeless trouble, or of contemplative mind, can there beget a joy which all the world besides could not excite within him. It is a glorious contemplation; the families of many generations mingled at last together in one common grave. Fathers, mothers, grandsires and grandsons, all, all laid, as it were, in each other's bosoms for everlasting rest. O! it is the very Jubilee of death, and if it were possible for inanimate things to feel a pang, the insulted bones of buried humanity feel it when thus sacrilegiously separated by the mandates of an ill directed authority

A MODERN IMPROVEMENT.

The Bards of old usually guarded their *ideal* bowers, by *ideal* blackguards; and we suppose it is in keeping with this plan, that the twin-poets of a certain song manufactory, in William Street, have arranged their establishment. Whether they are mere imitations or no, we will not pretend to say, but even supposing them such, we must give them the credit of having improved on the old system; for wherein Tasso's monsters, were only fables, they have actually placed their concerns under the superintendance of a downright barrel-*bellied Satyr*.

The other day we applied, through the medium of our devil, to this *sentinel* of the *graces*, for a paper, but in default of not producing the preliminary sixpence, were non-suited. Now this, to say the very least of it, is sheer dishonesty, for we are creditors to a certain number of papers, which, allowing them to be all blank, was at least an equivalent for their's. However, we suppose, we must solace ourselves by the reflection that we are not single in our sorrows, for we have read a verse in the printed lament of a Persian money changer beginning and ending thus, "And we applied to the King's poet for our substance, but were forced to content us with a song."

Even this fellow had the advantage of us, for we had nothing but a snarl and a frown.

OUR ITEMS.

"There's Philosophy in the braying of a Jackass."
Shakespeare.

COMPOSING BY STEAM.

A Steam Item-Mill may be seen at this office, in full operation, any hour between ten in the morning, and four in the afternoon. We would recommend all persons who are anxious to see how easily Editors *immortalize* themselves, to apply for a peep in time; lest any casualty, should put the *machine* out of order. The following are a few of the latest specimens, drawn forth at random.

What are Editors? In the first place they are men who are in the habit of using passive goose quills under the banner of other mens brains.

In the second: They are those who clip, transpose, and be-devil, every good thing they clap their eyes on, until like the Welch Curate's stolen sermon, the devil could scarcely discover the fraud: and then pass them current for their own.

Thirdly: They are a race of barefaced scribblers, who, without any thought of retribution, or *fear of retaliation*, before their eyes, will crib any poor devil's lawful items, and clap them to their own accounts, with about as much compunction as if the manufacturer's brains, were public property. (This class generally make money.)

Fourthly: Editors are *things*, which, being originally cut out for quacks, and not having talents sufficient to secure them a sufficiency of victims in the regular way, turn their attention to the murder of paragraphs. Men who will play the fool all day, and at last attain immortality with the point of a scissors.

Fifthly, and lastly. Editors are sometimes honorable gentlemen, who with judgment—genius, and all appurtenances to boot, remain in the shade because they pay too little attention to the "tickle me" system of the times.

But mostly, they are a set of understrappers,—mere hacks—who rise early, work late, write like men, and then have the felicity of being hung, drawn, and quartered by those who think like asses. Mutton-hearted fellows, who obtain some compting-room credit; but not an iota of public fame. Men in short, who earn little, eat less, drink bitters, to kill grief, fall a victim to a certain hollowness in the stomach, and then, to be classical, die on a dung hill.

DOUBTFUL ADVICE.

"The devil take me if I do," said a fellow to his comrade the other night at the corner of Chatham street. "For shame friend," exclaimed a clergyman, who chanced to be passing at the moment: "always call on God to take you on those occasions." That's kindly spoken, of a man like your Reverence, any how, "replied the other," for he has been asking my assistance to rob the church!

A CONUNDRUM.

Why is a gentleman fairy, like your mother! (do you give it up.)—because he is a *fay-male*, (female.)

A LAMENTABLE OCCURRENCE
CONNECTED WITH THE UNDERSTANDING.

A man got drunk the other evening! lay in the street all night, and lost a shoe!!!

AN AFFINITY.

Where is the affinity between a man, being stripped of his stocking and stripped of his nose. *Answer*—because in either case he is un(h)osed.

They who may sneer at the above, touching the absent, are patiently informed, that our machine spells after the system of Webster, and therefore discards all superfluities.

THE UTILITY OF A LONG NOSE.

A fellow, the other day run butt up against the gable end of a house in Pine street, and broke his nose. "What a fortunate thing it is to be well secured against accidents" he exclaimed, at the same time clapping his hand on his mortified protuberence, (which by the way, was a roarer) "for if it was'nt for the length of my nose here, I might have ruined my face for ever."

A JUST DISTINCTION.

The great distinction between a dun and a bottle of claret in a poet's garret is, that the former drives the man out of his wits, while the latter drives the wits out of the man.

OREGON EXPEDITION.

The undersigned, with a party of his associates intend to embark on Saturday next, from this city, for the settlement making on the Columbia river.

Having recently fitted out a number of detachments of settlers, and provided them with money, stores, and other necessary means, his funds have become exhausted, and most humbly and respectfully would he solicit from private munificence, means for further operations.

The real and avowed objects of the enterprise as announced in the caption of the subscription book, are as follows:

"To the Patriotic and Benevolent. The object of these subscriptions, is to increase the means of enlightening and benefiting the nations in and about the Pacific Ocean with *the principles of free and liberal government, and the blessings of the Christian religion.*"

If the sustaining of the above enterprise is not a desirable and good way of serving our country, the cause of Humanity, and our God, then let the wise point out a better. Till another way is suggested, and is demonstrated by unequivocal evidence, derived from *facts* to be a better, no privations, or hardships, or threatening opposition, will turn from the *pursuit* its devoted friend,

HALL J. KELLEY.

Donations can be left at the office of the Traveller and Times.

The Knickerbacker, for February, was published yesterday. We have not had time carefully to examine its contents. But from a cursory glance should think that it exceeds in value and interest the first number.

NOT LIKE A GENTLEMAN.

A man (who says his name is C. G. Hurlbut,) affecting to be a wholesale Dry Good's merchant of Philadelphia, who took boarding at No. 43½ Pearl st. New York, where he remained about two weeks, with every appearance of a decent honest man: having, as he said been called home in a hurry—*politely* offered his services to take a letter and package which Mr. M. Millington was preparing to send to his wife in that city. Mr. M. believing him to be a gentleman, gladly embraced the opportunity, and gave him the letter, which contained a $5 bill, with directions where to leave it, as also the package which contained papers that were of considerable value to him. Doubts being entertained about the safe delivery of the letter, &c. Mr. M. immediately despatched a letter per mail, to his family; the answer to which says that neither letter, package or *gentleman*, has been seen or heard of. We thus briefly notice this ungentlemanly affair, hoping our readers will take good care who they trust in a similar way.

FANCY BALL AT THE CITY SALOON.

We locked in for a moment at the fancy ball of Mr. and Mrs. Trust on Wednesday last, and were surprised at the number assembled to enjoy the 'poetry of motion,' as the evening was marked by a singular inclemency. The 'softer sex' heaven bless them, were not so generally 'decorated with every embellishment of fancy' that we looked for, rather exemplifying in their person the exquisite sentiment. that 'beauty when unadorned, is adorned the most.'

We have little time to note the personations of the lords of the creation,' but observed in one cotillion, Alexander the Great, chatting with a Bohemian gipsey, while Jim Crow whispered 'soft nothings' in the ear of a charming Swiss peasant girl. Red Jacket, and Coal black Rose. Massaroni the brigand chief, and a 'beautiful one' from East Broadway, made up *the set* of a most delightful party.

BASS' BEST.

Bass, *alias* the erudite editor of the Boston Transcript, requests us to ask the editor of the New York Standard, why the strength of the Tremont company is greater than that of the Park. Does he give it up? Because the Tremont has one *Barry* more (Barrymore.)

☞ Since Mr. Graham has informed the public in his lectures, that a *Reform* in the *Medical department* of our country is loudly called for, will he be good enough to exhibit a plan for acting in the matter. M. D.

We have received several communications in relation to Trinity Church Yard. But reluctantly omit them all, as they would occupy more space than we can well spare. Public opinion is unanimously set against the sacrilegious proceedings of our *worthy* corporation. We saw a gentleman yesterday who has a beloved father entombed in this sanctuary of the dead, who solemnly declares he will defend the ashes of his father with his last drop of blood, if need be.

Literary Notices.

"The Works of Lord Byron in Verse and Prose, including his Journal, Letters, &c. with a Sketch of his Life. Published by GEORGE DEARBORN, 70, John Street, New York, 1833."

Any thing like a notice or review of the numerous productions of Lord Byron, would be out of place. That has been done by those more competent to the task than our humble selves, long ago. We merely designed when we put down the title page, as above, to call attention to this new and most splendid edition just sent forth by Mr Dearborn. The poetical works of Byron have appeared in every questionable shape and form, but this is the first complete and uniform edition ever published in this, or any other country. "The edition now publishing in London, by Murray, contains so much of Byron's Prose writing as is included in the Life by Moore—but in the American edition there are a great number of the Letters of Byron not to be found in the English copy. There is also in this edition a large collection of Poems not to be found in any previous American one. The present, therefore, is emphatically the *first* complete edition of the Prose and Postical Works of Lord Byron." The volume has been collected and arranged with great care and labor by one of the most gifted American poets, FITZ GREENE HALLECK, Esq. who from his early and intimate acquaintance with the works of Byron, was eminently well qualified to undertake the editorship. He has been, we understand, more than a year engaged in the arrangement, correction of errors, and preparation of notes. The edition before us is printed on fine paper, bound in a new and handsome style, embellished with a *head* of Byron on steel from a painting by West, and the typography would be creditable to the British Press. It contains more than six hundred royal octavo pages of the largest size. For public and private libraries, and in fact, for every person who would possess the works of this inimitable bard, it should as it doubtless will take the precedence of other less perfect or complete editions. The portrait of Byron, by our departed *countryman* WEST, was pronounced by him and his friends as the best ever taken, and we honestly believe if he were living he would pass a similar encomium on the edition of his works by our *country-man* DEARBORN.

"BOOK OF THE CONSTITUTION."
PUBLISHED BY PETER HILL, NEW YORK.

This little manual is peculiarly adapted to the exigencies of the times, and Mr. Edwin Williams, the compiler, deserves the thanks of his patriotic countrymen for his timely effort to promulgate in a tangible form the invaluable documents which embrace the practical principles of American liberty and the Union of the States. The volume contains the articles of confederation—constitution of the U. States—amendments to the same—resolutions and address of the convention of 1787—Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and 1799—Mr. Jefferson's letter to Gov. Giles—Mr. Madison's letter to Mr. Everett—remarks of the Richmond Enquirer on the right of secession—Hartford convention, names of delegates, report, &c.—extracts from Mr. Hayne's speech in the United States Senate, 1830 from Webster's speech in reply to Mr. Hayne—South Carolina ordinance of 1832—remonstrance and protest of the South Carolina Union party—President Jackson's proclamation, Dec. 1832—decisions of President and Vice-President—dates of the adoption of the constitution by the several States—votes on the tariffs—Virginia resolutions of 1810, and Mr. Calhoun's speech in the Senate of 1833. We regret that Mr. Williams omitted any part of the able speeches of Messrs Hayne and Webster, delivered in the Senate of the United States in 1830. It is on the whole, an excellent manual, and should be owned and read by every American citizen, and will form a convenient book of reference for the members of our national and State legislatures.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Proposals have been published in this city for a new Magazine with the above title. It is of course to be a literary periodical, and if the rumors afloat in relation to the contributors are correct, the "Knickerbacker" will find a powerful rival to popular favor and patronage. It will appear on or about the first of next month.

NEW MUSIC.

E. Riley, 29 Chatham street, has published since our last, several pieces of Music, among which are "I'm oftentimes sad, but know not why," written by Rev. Fitch W. Taylor, composed and dedicated to Mrs Eugenia Le Roy, by Wilhelm Ingho. "We Parted" a ballad in answer to the celebrated air "We Met," from the songs of the Boudoir, sung by Miss Betts, and composed by Arthur Betts. "The Willow Bough," a song, the words by W. P. Collard, the music composed by E. Horn, and last "but not least" the comic extravaganza, "Jim Crow," with a full length lithograph of Mr. T. Rice, the original "nigger, all the way from old Kentuck."

Mr. McDonald Clarke of this city intends shortly to publish a volume of Poems with copperplate illustrations by several young artists. The following are among the subjects to be embraced in the volume:—Afara IV, or Memoirs of Myself, Monument of Addis Emmet, Analysis of Byron, Bonaparte, Groton Battle Ground, Midnight Musings, Scenes near Savannah La Mar Jamaica, The Poetry of Poverty, Canterbury, Connecticut, The Glories of Grahamism, Cousin Corn, Lines to Lavinia, Dick Doleful, A glimpse beyond the Grave, Dialogue with a Ghost, Sketch of Broadway, Fanny Kemble, Battle off Boston between the Chesapeake and Shannon, An Indian Story, Woman, Talk with an Atheist, The Peace of Piety, and several subjects in prose, unthought of at present. Touches at Mrs. Trollope, Evenings at Twibell's, St. John's Park, New London, Connecticut, Plainfield Academy, Robert Emmet, Bunker Hill, Crossing the Delaware, Landing of the Pilgrims, Hudson's first trip up the Hudson, Marriage of Mary Ann, Lines written in New London Burying Ground, The Belles of Broadway, Love in a Cellar, &c. &c. The poem on the monument of Addis Emmet, Evenings at Twibell's, Matrimony, Woman, and the Missionary, contained in this week's paper, are from the pen of Mr. Clarke, and will be contained in the forthcoming volume.

Chapter of Chit-Chat.

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1.—Charles S. Francis of this city has published, in a 12mo pamphlet of one dozen pages, "Dryburgh Abbey, the burial place of Sir Walter Scott, a vision, forming a poetical catalogue of all the principal characters in the Waverly Novels, from Waverly to Castle Dangerous, by C. Swain, of Manchester, England." It is a clever poem.

2.—Our city editors and publishers have got so rich and spirited, and withal so sportive, that they run horses every day from Philadelphia to New York, at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, mud or no mud, to tell us what Congress and South Carolina are about.

3.—The Corporation have decided to feast our eyes and our lamps with gas, above Second Street, on a grand scale Why dont they give us some exhilerating gas.

4.—Two lawyers lately had a fight, in which some claret was drawn. As there were no *fees* given, on either side, the battle was necessarily short, and the *action* discontinued for want of *rule to show cause*.

5.—Journeymen Printers who work under price, are dignified with the imposing name of *Rats*. We hope that the proprietors of papers will never have the name *ratified*.

6.—The Editor of the New Bedford (Mass.) Gazette, has recently been visited by a credulous "yellow haired, sallow complexioned Jonathan," who brought with him a specimen of *ore* from a shoe-maker's wax unne, which some wag had induced him to believe he had discovered upon his farm, and from the profits of which he saw in perspective a brilliant fortune. The material was rather waxy, but was nothing more than yellow loam, or clay. The next discovery will doubtless be a soap mine.

7.—"*Davi Krockitt*" has issued his "Procklamashun," stating that if the tariff be not reduced before the fourth of March next, he will go down East and "drinck upp thur rivurs, ete upp thur steem botes, passingers, fyre would and awl, which will be distressin; and weal blo upp thur touns, rattel thur tin shops, tern ovur thur fackturrie, stomp doun thur rale-rodes, and shak thur Yoonion froam thoe center tpe thee eur-cumfurence."

8.—The Boston Morning Post, says, "*A shocking fire* recently took place in an Eastern stage, from a lady's stove. Mr. W——, a brush manufacturer, lost all his stock in trade, consisting of a thundering pair of whisker as big as hearth brushes. No insurance!

9.—The Newport Herald of the Times, says there has been for some time past, a scoundrel lurking about the streets of that sober village, after dark, insulting and annoying respectable females as they pass along. Our goodly Gotham abounds with *gentlemen* of this description.

10.—A gentleman informs us says the Editor of the Hagerstown Mail, that when sojourning at one of the towns in Virginia, he encountered in the street a double-lunged negro who was ringing a hand bell most manfully; after laboring at it some time, the fellow made a dead halt and bellowed out something to the following effect: "Sale dis night; tryin' pans, gridirons, books, oyster knives, and odder kinds of medicines. Joe Williams will hab some fresh oysters at his stablishment. By ticlar desire Mr. Howlett will give limitations ober again. Two or three dozen damaged discussion gun locks. And Rev. Mr. P. Q. will deliber a sarmount on temperance, half past 6 o'clock precise; dat's not all! dare will be a perlite and select colored Ball at Mrs. John's just arter dis is bin done!"

11.—Messrs. Grigg & Elliot, No. 9, north Fourth street, have just published in a large octavo form, of about eleven hundred pages, a new work entitled "The United States' Dispensary," by George B. Wood, M. D. and Franklin Bache, M. D. of Philadelphia. The object of this volume is to present an account of medicinal substances in the state in which they are brought into the shops, and to teach the modes in which they are prepared.

12.—The sixteenth number of Waldie's Select Circulating Library will contain two Tales by the author of "The Subaltern—the Gentle Recruit, and Saratoga." It affords us pleasure to state that this cheap and truly valuable work is constantly increasing in patronage.

13.—The York County Farmer, of Jan. 24th says, "We introduce our editorial head this week for the purpose of *saying* that we have *nothing to say*." This reminds us of a "clown ast" Editor, who accidently pieing a page as the sheet was going to press, inserted in large capitals, "OMITTED FOR WANT OF ROOM."

14.—We noticed a few days ago in an Eastern paper, the Marriage of "Mr. John Mander, to Miss Sarah Peterson," which a friend at our elbow penned for us the following verse:

Oh, Cupid! Cupid! who ever doubts
Thy wond'rous ways and curious roots;
Need in fear, no longer wander,
Since thou hast made a Salamander.
(*Sally Mander.*)

15.—The following new post offices have been established in New Hampshire, by the Post-Master General: Bow, Isaac Clough, Esq. P. M. East Dunbarton, Edward Gould Esq. P. M. Goffstown Centre, Leonard Kimball, Esq. P. M.

16.—Some years since, says the Liverpool Pa. Mercury, a large black snake accidentally found its way into the cellar of a gentleman of our acquaintance in Northumberland county, where it has ever since remained much to the annoyance of the rats and mice in the neighborhood, who can never safely venture on the premises, except when his snakeship has retired to winter quarters. It has become domesticated, and is quite a favorite with the family.

17.—There are many establishments *to be let* in New York, which, with pockets *to let*, had better *be let alone*.

18.—A gentleman travelling in the western part of Pennsylvania, found himself benighted at a small inn which externally promised, as usual, "Good Entertainment," &c. He alighted and enquired for accommodations for the night. "Why," said the host, "we can feed both you and your horse, but I don't know how we'll manage so well about the lodging. We have but one spare bed in the house, and that myself, my wife, and three children sleep on." So says the Liverpool Pa. Mercury.

19.—The Clinton House, says Porter's Family Journal, has recently been opened by Messrs Hodges & Son, long and favorably known to the public as keepers of the Franklin House in Providence, and so eminently successful in pleasing their guests with quiet, cleanly and luxurious accommodations. The admirable locality of this establishment, and the unremitted assiduity of these gentlemen to make all around them comfortable, added to the tranquility not always to be met with in Hotels, with which every thing is conducted, renders it a most desirable stopping place for those who wish to enjoy the quiet of a home amidst strangers, and in the centre of the great metropolis.

20.—A man of wit once said, rightly enough, "He who finds a good son-in law, gains a son—he who finds a bad one, loses a daughter."

21—It is said that a celebrated manufacturer of gunpowder in Pennsylvania, recently refused an order from South Carolina, for $25,000 of this death dealing pepper. The cause of this refusal we do not learn, but it was said that the manufacturer remarked, that he would rather sell one hundred thousand dollars worth of gunpowder to the General Government, than twenty-five thousand dollars worth to South Carolina.—[Doubted.

22—In our advertising columns will be found the card of the "New York Pearl Store." This establishment, lately opened by Mr. John Barton, for the sale of articles manufactured from Pearl, is worth visiting, if not for the sake of purchasing, merely to see into what a variety of useful and beautiful ornaments the ingenious and enterprising manufacturer has wrought this article.

23.—The Pehnsylvanian of Philadelphia, says:—"During the engagement of the Kembles, it seemed as if the public were determined to awe them by frosty attention, and it is said that Miss Kemble seriously felt its influence; that she was checked by it, and could not play to satisfy her own judgment."

It seems by letters from Washington that Miss Fanny Kemble, visited the Yankee Congress and said something about matters and thing "which did not suit" the folks; an attempt was made to kick up a row in the Theatre about it, but it did'nt succeed.

24.—A publican named Hunt, of Phillipsburg, Warren county, New Jersey, publishes the annexed in a Trenton newspaper:—"Some weeks since a certain William Deere of the State of New York, took his bed and board at my house, for the purpose of lecturing upon the science of astronomy.—He posted up his cards, and took in a considerable quantity of cash: and *took in me by running up a* bill, and leaving me to get the amount from the man in the moon, or some erratic wanderer among the heavenly bodies, that he reflected from his magic lanthern during his lectures: This nimble-footed *Deere* stole away from the county between two nights on last week, pursued by two or three women who claimed him as their husband, one of whom he had sent for to meet him at my house, thus giving a practical illustration of his system of the *centripetal* and *centrifugal* force, the laws of motion, and *projectile impulse*. Whoever will *conclude* his *tenure*, on my account, shall receive a transfer of the amount of his bill from my books, with a power of Attorney duly authenticated, to collect the same. Deere is about four feet eight, dark hair, blue eyes, slim person, a slippery tongue, amorous look, and genteely dressed."

25—C. B. Wilder, Esq. the agent of the Tremon Stage Line between Providence and Boston, says: "The proprietors of this line, finding that the travelling community duly appreciate the benefits resulting from the organization of this company by their continuance of patronage, in order that monopoly and imposition may no longer prosper on the rout, take pleasure in announcing to their friends and the public, that they have made large additions to their former stock, and are enabled thereby to accommodate a large share of the travel between the two cities, and respectfully solicit an increase of patronage."

26—John Purdam, of Rockville, Maryland, died on the 16th of January 1857, aged 88. Keziah, his widow, died on the 28th of December, 1832, aged 90 years, 5 months and 3 days. They had 11 children—5 sons and 6 daughters. There was no death in the family after their marriage for 65 years, and ten of the children are now living. Mrs. Purdum lived to see the fourth generation of her descendants. The number of children, grandchildren great grandchildren, and great great grandchildren, amounted to between four and five hundred persons at the death of the said widow

27—There are thirty-three newspapers and other periodical works in Bengal alone, conducted by Englishmen; of these, 5 are daily political papers, six are daily commercial papers, two are tri-weekly ditto, three duo-weekly, eight weekly, six monthly journals, two quarterly, and two annuals.

28—The Bills of mortality for the city of Boston from 1811 to 1832, inclusive, were as follows. In the year 1811, 749; 1812, 677; 1813, 786; 1814, 727; 1815, 854; 1816, 904; 1817, 907; 1818, 971; 1819, 1070; 1820, 1103; 1921, 1420; 1822, 1203; 1823, 1154; 1824, 1297; 1825, 1460; 1826, 1254; 1827, 1622; 1828, 1233; 1829, 1251; 1830, 1125; 1831, 1424; 1832, 1761. The population in 1800 was 24,937; in 1820, 33,250; in 1820, 43,298; in 1830, 61, 381.

29—The Declaration of American Independence was signed by 56 delegates; 3 from the Northern, and 21 from the Southern states. No one now survives, and only two have died from accident. The whole number of years lived by these delegates, not including the two mentioned, is 3609, or 66 years and 9 months each. Those from the Northern states average 70 years and a half, and those from the states of the South, a little less than 60.

30.—It is said that Judge Waine has drawn the great gold prize in the Georgia land and gold lottery.

31—A violent eruption of Mount Etna took place on the 17th and 18th of November, which destroyed Bronte, a town situated nine leagues from Catania, and which contained a population of 10,000 persons.

32.—Claxam's Studies in Analogy, Or the use of Painters and Sculptors, with 13 plates, was published in November.

A new periodical, to be supported by some of the most eminent men of Edinburgh, and conducted by the editor of Constable's Miscellany, is to be published soon in that city.

LILLY, WAIT & Co. have in press, and will shortly publish, a translation from the French of the recent Travels of Rene Caillie in Central Africa. This valuable work contains the only correct account of that vast region, and furnishes information of great importance to the geographer and philosopher, and is filled with the most interesting and amusing descriptions. The celebrated traveller is believed to be the only person living who has visited the city of Timbuctoo.

33—When a vagrant is caught late at night in the street, he or she always pretend to be going after a light. The police officers call night walking, *speculating in candles*.

34—The pigs which were lately under the ban, have defied the authority, and stick up their noses at the Corporation. Nothing less than the freedom of the city in a pailful of eatables, will satisfy their bristling pretensions.

35—Branches of promise and breaches of the peace, are becoming almost equally common. In the former, the ladies mend their own *suits* by suits at law, for breach of *suits* in love—the latter *suit* nobody, but police officers, lawyers and jail keepers; who furnish punishment to *suit* the offence, and *suit* their pockets with *suitable* fees.

36—Drunkards are getting very scarce in New York by *confession*, for when any one is brought up, no matter how drunk, they begin to preach of their sobriety, and stagger out of court protesting their innocence.

37—It has been discovered that *heels* are more valuable than *heads*, for when a man cannot devise an escape with the one he is sure to run away with the other.

38—A severe encounter lately took place at one of our principal Hotels, between a set of teeth and a piece of tough beef. The latter after a hard contest yielded to the powers of the *tuney part*, who was again victorious.

39—A man named Lowell was lately robbed of $35 by a woman named Andrews. He was not as well without it, although she was *Mary Andrews*.

40—We recommend the following graphic and sublime description of an escape, to the attention of the sporting members of Congress. "The Bull roared like thunder. I ran like lightning and jumping over a ditch, tore my *breeches* as if Heaven and Earth, were coming together." What a tarnation *rip* it must have been.

41—By a late article in the American Quarterly it appears that fears are entertained in Virginia that the *Coffees* will become the *Coffers*. In such a case there would be a great deal of caffling.

42—The Watchmen in Stockholm go always in pairs, and carry a curious instrument for seizing culprits who endeavor to escape from them. It is so contrived as to shut fast about the neck, being applied below the back part of the head, and becomes tighter the more the person struggles to get free.

43—The body of a new born infant, well dressed, and placed in a cigar box, was found on Saturday morning, near the corner of Fitzwater and Eighth streets, Philadelphia.

44—There is a commendable spirit in Virginia, for the prosecution of works of Internal Improvement, a Richmond paper of Friday states, that the polls were opened in that city on Friday last, and the citizens of Richmond decided by a vote of 285 to 8, that it was expedient for the corporation to subscribe $100,000 to the James River and Kenawha Improvement.

45—A dwelling house belonging to Mr. William Sutton, in Whitesville, Jefferson co. was burnt on the 15th inst. and an infant about nine months old perished in the flames.

46—At the Button Manufactory of Messrs. Robinsons, Jones & Co. of Attleboro', Ms. more than 100 persons are employed. They produce 150 gross a day.

47—It is asserted that two works from the pen of the lamented Sir Walter, "The Knights of Malta," and "Pizarro, a tale of the Abruzzi," are preparing for publication.

48—"Why is a certain individual of fashionable notoriety, like to a Zoophyte," asked the lively Lady D., of Mrs. N.? "Because he has a stomach and no brains,"—replied the latter.

49—Travellers express the opinion that Florence (of which the population is about 120,000) contains, in proportion to that population, more men of taste and refinement than any other city of Europe.

50—The Editor of the Mohawk, N. Y. Courier, in reminding his patrons of their semi-annual payments, remarks—"Distant patrons, particularly, are requested now to make payment for the year. Those near by, who have not *cash* on hand, may bring fuel, provisions, and almost any thing for *family* use (excepting *children*,) for which they will be allowed the highest market price." The editor is wrong in objecting to any *description* of pay.

51—The venerable Col. Barton, who was relieved by the noble Lafayette, during his late progress through the United States from *incarceration for debt*, commanded the "Rhode Island Brigade" in the War of the Revolution.

52—A Bear weighing less than 200 pounds, slaughtered, was sold in our market yesterday, in parcels, for forty dollars!—*Missouri Republican.* 8.

53—The Muncy Telegraph says, a few months since, a log was taken out of the bottom of Muncy creek, near its mouth, that from all appearances had laid there for at least half a century, which on being split, showed eight distinct notches and a blaze at the depth of eighty growths.

58—The good people of Boston have been deeply interested in a case of seduction lately tried before the Supreme Court. It is said to be the first case on the record of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. The action was brought by Richard Edwards, against one PRAY. The Counsel for defendant contended that the lady herself was the seducer, and that she had followed the precept given in one of Masaniello's songs—

"Look out and spread your nets with care,
The *Prey* we seek we'll soon ensnare!"

The Jury, however, thought differently, and brought in a verdict for plaintiff of $2200 damages—the amount claimed being $2500. There is another action pending against the defendant, for a breach of promise of marriage to the daughter, who is the plaintiff.—The Stock in trade of Mr. *Pray* was sold at auction a few days since, amounting to something like $1800 and paid over to the plaintiff. The seduced fair was only twenty years of age. Her seducer about 25. A part of the money invested in the business of the defendant was borrowed of his wife's sister, an industrious young lady who had acquired it by her needle.

59—A case of seduction—the plaintiff for the daughter—was tried in New York a fortnight since. On the part of the defendant, it was proven that he was entirely without property, and, in fact, insolvent. The jury, after the cause was submitted to them, retired, and after an absence of fifteen minutes, returned into court with a virdict in the sum of five thousand dollars damages for the plaintiff, besides costs.

60—An Irishman charged with abusing his wife in a drunken fit, appeared much dejected when bro't before the magistrate. "Friend," said the latter, "be of good cheer—you shall have justice done you." "Faith," replied Pat, "that's jist what I'm being afraid of"

61—A merchant who lately advertised for a clerk, who could bear *confinement*, was applied to by a man who had lain in jail seven years!

Married,

Here the girls and here the widow
Always cast their earliest glance,
With a small-less face, consider
If they, too, wont stand a chance
To make some clever fellow double
In bliss, and often too in—trouble.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. G. Benedict, Mr. John Cook and Miss Eliza Williams.

On Wednesday evening, 23d inst. by the Rev. B. Silleck, Mr. E. E. Jones and Miss Sarah Ann Brown, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Spencer, Mr. Abraham Schenck and Miss Catharine M. daughter of Elijah Raynor.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. D. Debar, Mr. James D. Morrison, and Miss Catharine C. Tilyou.

At Troy, on the 27th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Shamhon, Mr. Richard Power and Miss Margaret Mackey.

In Philadelphia, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hughes, Isaac R. Jackson and Lurina Carroll.

In Northumberland, Mr. Lathrop Pope, jr. and Miss Mary Ball.

At Monticello, Sullivan co. on the 10th inst. Frederick A. Devoe and Julia Stewart.

At Albany on the 23d inst. Mr. William Campbell and Mary Smith.

At Oswego, on the 5th inst. Dr. Lucius Van Schaak and Miss Sarah Hornby.

At Litchfield, Conn. on the 23d inst. Mr. Walter Joy and Miss Jane Ellen Radcliff.

At Haverhill, Mr. Charles Bartlett and Miss Betsy Nay. "The Ayes have it now—she does not let her Nay be Nay."

Died,

On Wednesday, Caroline, daughter of Leonard Garnis, aged 1 year and 2 months.

On the 28th ult. at Franklin, La. Mr. John C. Humphrey, aged 28, late

Tilly, Wade & Coleman

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

New-York Police.

REPORTED FOR THE TRAVELLER AND TIMES.

"THE WAY TO KEEP HIM."

This was an action for damages, brought against the body of Mr. Benjamin Twaddle, touching an affair of matrimonial assault and battery, but in south so far as regarded the damages, it had at least the outward and visible sign of being but a wild speculation; for, the *body* of the aforementioned Mr. Twaddle, (including a little, sad colored, superannuated countenance, with a very clumsy claret-colored nose, which had evidently the mark of somebody's handy-work about it, and a pair of pea-green eyes lately invested in a suit of deep mourning,) did not appear to be worth the anticipated reversion of a counterfeit Birmingham sixpence. The Plaintiff was no less a person than Mrs. Araminta Twaddle, the lawful (but as will be seen in the sequel,) not the only lady of our friend Benjee; and indeed it was no lie to call her his better half, for by any computation in the world, considering them both as one amalgamated body, and yet giving to each the credit of their own individual proportions as first invested in the common stock, Mrs. T. to make the least of her, and we beg padon for attempting to make little of any lady, was at all events four fifths of the whole. Here we will endeavor to delineate them in a brace of mental portraits, and then the reader will have the goodness to investigate the matter and decide for himself.

Mr. Benjamin Twaddle, perpendicularly and including his boots, was just five feet one inch and a quarter, and as far as we could judge about six inches in the greatest diameter of his corporation, which, barring a most unconscionable circumference of feet, was by much the most substantially appointed portion of his system. About the shins and shoulders we will say nothing, Cervantes having already anticipated us in those of the redoubted Don's, but the head was a perfect model in its way, being neither like a man's head nor the head of a unicorn, exactly, (excepting that it had a very original bump right between the two eyes,) nor in fact like that of any other head between that of a pin and an elephant, which we have had the pleasure of studying withal, and yet on the whole it was one likely to put a Phrenologist in extacies, from the variety and prominence of its bumps, which however, were haply owing less to the various turns of his genius than to the talents of the fingers, which had been so industrious about the arrangement of his eyes and nose.

The lady's likeness is soon drawn, for the reader will have the goodness to imagine to himself, a coarse, copper-faced, ruby nosed, lion backed, cow bodied, pillar limbed lump of a lady, at least six feet high in her stocking vamps, and she in the very vortex of a passion too, and then he will have embodied a tolerable bird's eye view of the outward man of Mrs. Araminta Twaddle. For all other particulars we refer him to the trial.

Justice. This is rather a serious piece of business Benjamin Twaddle—beating out your lady's brains with a pewter flagon, eh?

Prisoner. One nod—two sighs—and a cough.

Justice. And then given to rambling too? why the most unreasonable man of your inches in the world might have been satisfied, for if a body from appearance may venture a rough guess, you have been a wholesale dealer in the marriage market already. Turning to the lady "You are his wife, ma'am?"

Plaintiff. Yes your Worship, to my grief and tribulation you may swear that, and too tender a one for such a profligate varmint. Is'nt that the truth for me Ben Twaddle?

Prisoner. Another sigh, doubtfully audible.

Plaintiff. There your Worship, he owns to it. O murther, murther! was ever a woman in my delicate and interesting situation so abused by a good-for-nothing scoundrel.

Justice. Poor woman, you are very badly *matched* to a certainty.

Plaintiff. O yes your honor, tha quite *strident*, for he has been killing me out and out every day these three years, and if your worship don't take pity on a body, and send Ben there to Sing-sing for a month or two, he'll be the death of me entirely.

Justice. Well, we'll see to it, but confine yourself to the present instance of his barbarity.

Plaintiff. Why your Worship, about three weeks ago, thinking from the way I was in, (here she blushed) that hard work might be dangerous, I hired a *hussey* to mind the house for me, and make some little arrangements in expectation of what was to follow *you know*. Well, the first day I saw nothing more than common, only that Benjee stood on the girl's toe as if by accident.—Then the second day was much the same, barring that Mr. Twaddle's nose began to bleed of itself at supper time, which to be sure looked a little suspicious any how, as the saying is: but, on the morning of the third—and if I was to live for a thousand years, I'll never forget it, as I was on the *look out*, listening behind the closet door what should I hear but smack—smack—smack, like the cracking of a cabbage stalk, and on bouncing into the room, there I found my gentleman yonder, kissing Angelina, that was the trollop's name, for the bare life, up in the corner."

Justice. A very interesting discovery, indeed; but what has that to do with the pewter plagon of yesterday.

Plaintiff. Every thing in the world, your worship, if you'll wait a bit. Well, as I was saying, there was Mr. Twaddle in the corner, looking as sheepish as a mouse caught stealing cheese in a pantry, and there was the jade of a girl, sobbing and whining, and scolding between times, like a wounded jackdaw, and saying all the while that she knew nothing about it at all, at all; and then there was myself trembling all over like a hare in a sack, and me in such a perilous situation, too.

Justice. What followed then? you fainted, I suppose.

Plaintiff. Not I, faith, your worship; although it would have been natural enough, to be sure, considering the way I was in; but then I knew it was'nt the right time, so I dismissed Angelina from my service, at the expense of a broomstick, and tied Mr. Twaddle to the bed-post with the clothes line—*(a laugh.)*

Justice. That was binding him to his good behaviour with a vengeance; but what did the gentleman seem to think of it himself?

Plaintiff. As to that, your honor, I aint the fool to let him think for himself at any time, much less in a case of this sort; but to be sure, he kept begging my pardon, and saying it was an accident, and so forth, although I knew he was perjuring himself, as the affair of the *toe* and the *bloody nose* was still running fresh in my memory. However, after the day and night's confinement, I cut the rope, and sure, God knows it would have been better for me if I had cut my fingers.

Justice. Poor soul! then it would seem your kindness was ill requited—but to the pewter flagon.

Plaintiff. That's the very thing I'm driving at; for a day or two he was mighty good altogether, cleaning up the room and nursing the children; but somehow or other my mind misgave me that all was'nt right; so I sets a watch on him, and one morning before he was up, finds a love letter in his breeches pocket, directed for *Mr. Benjamin Twaddle, Esquire*, and beginning and ending thus:

Ben, my Darling.—If you have an ounce of true love in your soul and carcase, come to me to-morrow, where you know yourself, and let your Hottentot Venus go to the devil.

Your own true love,
forever and a day.
ANGELINA POTTS.

O! you tearing villain of the world, says I, seizing him by the hair of the head, and beating him out of the bed, with his own breeches; and then, your worship, I run in to the closet for the clothes rope, but the blackguard, taking advantage of me when my back was turned, ran out of the house, with his own clothes tucked under one arm, and my dimity pocket, containing five and twenty silver dollars, and a pin cushion hanging on the other. O! it would have grieved your heart to have heard me (when I saw him running away with my dimity pocket) crying out, pillaloo, murder and stop thief; but it was all E—D *ad* with me. I might as well have been bawling after a wild duck; and so, your worship, the short and the long of it is this: that bad luck to the inch I saw of him, from that moment, until yesterday evening when I caught him and Miss Angelina drinking gin in Chatham street on the strength of my beautiful five and twenty dollars."

Justice. And then he put the flagon in requise, eh?

Plaintiff. Wait a bit, first; Miss Angelina made her retreat up the chimney, leaving nothing behind to remember her by but a handful or two of her carroty hair, and then my beautiful husband, here, leaped over the table to save her, and dislocated three or four of my ribs with a beer can.

Justice. Ah me! an? yet you look pretty well, after all's done—your Doctor must have performed a miracle, I suppose.

Plaintiff. No, indeed, your worship; it's all owing to the healing properties of my flesh, and the thickness of my flannel petticoat. But to finish my story, I secured him at least, and now it's left to your worship to put him in the States Prison, as a sort of a set off against my broken bones, and the five and twenty dollars.

Justice. This is a serious charge, Mr. Twaddle; only so far removed from downright manslaughter as the *thickness* of your wife's petticoat. What have you to say for yourself?

Prisoner. Only, that I trust your worship will take my wife's advice; for if somebody don't protect me, I'm a dead man.

Justice. Nay, I might be suspected myself, if I protected you in any such naughty practices. Kissing your wife's maids and running away with her money-bags is a direct breach of the law, you know; at all events, of the marriage code.

Plaintiff. O! but it's your worship that's the wise man! and, I'll be bound for it, very easy to be managed in the *family way*.

Justice. On occasions, only; but really, Im at a loss what to do in this business. I believe, Mr. Twaddle, I must resign you to the clothes rope and the bed-post again.

Prisoner. That's hard enough, your honor; and I as innocent as the President.

Plaintiff. O you perjured swill-gut.

Prisoner. Faith, its nothing but the truth I'm telling, for as to touching Angelina and her *big toe*, and the *kissing*, and the *beer-jug*, it was all in the line of *fun* or *accident*, and in regard of the dimity pocket, I mistook it for my night cap.

Plaintiff. But what about leaving the house?

Prisoner. Why as to that I thought it a pity for any decent man to be shivering all day at a bed post, so with that thinks I, I'll go and drown myself, but somehow or other, the thought afterwards struck me, that it would do just as well to drown my sorrow at Conway's, so there's downright gospel for you, and further than all, I've got your twenty-five dollars, dimity and all, in my breeches pocket.

Plaintiff. The money safe, eh?] O your worship, if I could only think he was innocent, I believe I might forgive him still. Say Benjee, will you promise?

Justice. Aye that he will, and I'll be his bail. Release your prisoner.

Benjamin Twaddle was accordingly set free, and immediately after left the court under his wife's wing, he promising to mend his manners for the future, and she, agreeing to tie him no more to the bed-post.

Written for the N. Y. Traveller and Times.

THE MONUMENT OF ADDIS EMMET.

IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

That pillar of pale stone
Is an emblem of the life of Him
Whose vivid Spirit shone,
When all around its track was dim,
Bright'ning the darkness that endears
The memory of his morning years.

Fate's tempests could not quench
That Spirit's light,
Nor tuned Traitors wrench
His hold from Right—
The intrepid true he towered among—
Tho' Danger his wild death hymn sung!

Stood—as that haughty column stands
On either side—a grave,
With tranquil brow and unclenched hands
Spurned the ennobled slave,
Who for a ribbon could disclaim]
The triumph of a Patriot's name.

* * * * * * *

The war-ship's signal banner waves—
He seeks the rugged shore,
Where there are none but Freedom's slaves,
Their birth-right sealed in gore—
Soon he reached that lauelled throne
Where worth and talent rule alone.

The fog of prejudice dispersed
Before his mind's far reaching rays,
That, like a winter-sunrise burst,
Nor dim'd with his declining days,
But blazed on cheerly to the last,
And round his death a glory cast.

The morn that column was complete,
Cloudless skies*
With Spring-like smiles lit—bland and sweet
December's eyes—
Nature withdrew her wonted gloom,
As if, to bless her Favourite's tomb!

There shall it stand—an emblem meet
Of his unbending life—
The storms of Centuries will beat,
And wear out in their strife
His sculptured features—but his name
Will light the evening hour of Fame!

New York, Dec. 8, 1832.

* The day the Monument was uncovered to the public, was marked by remarkable mildness.

DANGEROUS SPORT. A number of persons have amused themselves, somewhat thoughtlessly, of late, in shooting at sea gulls, from Barton's Point, in this city. On Tuesday last, a ball, discharged by one of them, (from a rifle as is thought) entered a window and passed across a room, in the dwelling house of Mr. James Warren, residing in Bow st. Charlestown. The ball struck a piano forte, directly in the range which would be occupied by a person playing on the instrument. It buried itself half its size in the wood. Fortunately no one was seated at the piano, or a serious accident would have occurred. We hope this notice will be a sufficient caution to the sportsmen who have engaged in the amusement.—[Boston Transcript.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 30, 1833.

Last night I attended the Walnut street Theatre—Mr. Kemble enacted Fazio in a style very felicitous, and Miss Fanny poured out her whole soul as Bianca. Maugre the sing-song enunciation, characteristic both of herself and father, she threw a power into and imparted a vividness to the personation, which for a moment, made us tremble that like the dying swan, the last thrilling note might prove her last. Her style reminds me strongly of Forrest in his early career. It possesses all his force without that hiatus which accompanies, or rather marks his descent from the impassioned to the pathetic.

During the evening hand-bills were circulated detractive to Miss Kemble, accusing her of expressions derogatory to the country, indeed of an Anderson-like character. Great excitement prevailed, although nothing was expressed until the astonished house greeted Mr. Kemble with bravos, as in propria personæ he appeared with the inflammatory placard and denounced its author as a calumnious liar. His address was happy in the extreme, both in conception and delivery, and in certain parts the applause was overwhelming. He read the card, pronounced it an unequivocal lie—acknowledged, with the most apparent profound gratitude his sense of our uniform and manifold kindness, and closed by an appeal, to which every heart responded. "If," said he, "the anonymous assailer of my daughter had dared to act as a gentleman, he would have found in her natural protector (her father) a ready and determined vindicator."

Miss Kemble is too prosaical for us, although our objection is doubtless owing to the high conception we have formed of her ability. Her equal we have never seen, and in certain particulars she leaves at an immeasurable distance, any candidate that ever came under our observation.

The Arch street Theatre is managed with great spirit, and possesses, in the persons of Mr. Scott and Mr. Murdock, and others, talent rarely found in our stock companies.

The Opera we shall speak of hereafter. Pedrotti and Montresor have nought to boast of but neglected and truly superior talents. The schoolmaster is abroad, however, and we doubt not that ere the final congee is made to modern Athens, the redeeming spirit will be *overflowingly* manifest.

What think you of a sail down the Delaware on the 30th of January and not a particle of ice visible? 'Tis passing strange. All the dulness which marks the quay of Philadelphia when ice girdled, is now apparent. Some of the proprietors must have lost much and others gained by this unparalleled season.

Farewell.

THE PARK THEATRE.

As we predicted, the Manager's benefit was indeed a bumper, there being near eighteen hundred dollars in the house last Friday evening.—The uncommon attractions nightly put forth since our last, has ensured crowded auditories at the Park, as several favorites have received *valuable* testimony.

We have seldom seen a more brilliant galaxy of talent in one evening, than was presented on Tuesday for the benefit of our friend BARRY.—FORREST, COOPER, Little BURKE, and Miss CLARA, each in themselves a host, added to the high claims of our worthy Stage manager, filled the house to overflowing. Many were seated on the stage, while others were obliged for want of an abiding place to leave the house.

Of Mr. Forrest, who sustained the arduous character of 'the dingy Moor' it is unnecessary to treat. Being more ably supported than on a late occasion, his personation reflected most creditably on his talents and acquirements.

How shall we speak of Cooper's Iago? To say it was matchless, would be but to repeat what we have since heard from many of his delighted auditors. The house was filled with a rare audience; many a venerable, grey-haired old citizen was present the first time in many years, to see one whom he fondly remembered in the hey-day of youth, as the "noblest Roman of them all." "Hale old men, with matrons staid," were assembled to do honor to him they had listened to with delight in years lang syne, and Cooper, though now "declined into the vale of years" was, if less spirited, far more chaste and refined than ever. No one for a moment entertained the idea so feelingly expressed by Scott in his last work, that

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,"

for no emanation of weakness was displayed in voice or person, that could remind them who heard him within those walls thirty years ago, that a falling off had been experienced in either. A gentleman seated by our side remarked to us, that in 1805 he had seen him in the same character, and he felt certain, that Cooper's acting, like pure wine, was improved by age.

We really hope that Mr. Simpson will gratify our theatre-going community by giving him a permanent engagement. It is but an act of justice to a time worn veteran, and would meet the hearty good wishes of all the friends of "Old Drury." With Barry, Clarke, Mason, and others, we might be gratified once more with a revival of the legitimate drama, representations of which, the public would appreciate, and Mr. Simpson find his reward.

Miss CLARA FISHER enacted the beauteous Desdemona very happily, but we have seen her to more advantage. In Don Giovanni, Victorine, in the Invincibles, and other characters of that class, she is unrivalled. The Emilia of Mrs. SHARPE was the best we have seen on the Park boards. The audience were electrified by her acting in the second scene of Act fifth, when protesting the innocence of her mistress, and indeed, the lines commencing,

"You told a lie; an odious, damned lie," &c.

were given with immense effect, as were many other passages in the same scene, each point calling forth rounds of applause.

Mrs. MANGEON played for her Benefit on Thursday to a good house; her sister, Madame FERON, and Master BLAKE, sustaining the characters of Cinderella and Baron Pumpolino. Madame Feron has long been a favorite with the Gothamites, and sang with her usual taste and judgment, though we thought she was recovering from the debility of a severe cold. Of all the comicalities we have seen lately, little Burke afforded us the heartiest laugh. His rich vein of humor was never more broadly displayed than on this occasion, and rendered him truly irresistible.

The amusements of the week have been chosen with great good taste, and the manager has gained *golden* opinions, we hear. The KEMBLES will be in town in the course of next week.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE.

Mr. WALKER takes his benefit on Tuesday evening the 5th inst. Mr. W. will himself perform the part of Crack in the very popular farce of the "Turnpike Gate," and Sam Savoury in "Fish out of Water;" other entertainments will be forthcoming in the course of the evening. Mr. Walker, who is the Treasurer of the Theatre, has been very successful in the part of Crack, and we trust his friends will not let slip this opportunity of vetoeing their own ennui, and of serving a talented performer.

WARREN THEATRE BOSTON.

Mr. G. H. Hill has been re-engaged at this establishment and is playing to crowded houses. He has got up a new Yankee story called "Timothy Lincoln's visit to the Capitol of Nullification, &c." Mr. H. is shortly to appear on our Park boards. Hackett has a powerful rival, and we fear on his return home he will find himself supplanted. The manager of the Warren announces "that great preparations are in train to produce, for the first time in America, a wild and romantic Melodrama, called MAZEPPA! founded on Lord Byron's celebrated Poem."

We suspect the rumor of the Kembles being engaged to perform at this Theatre is not correct. Theatricals are not very profitable to Boston managers in the Spring,—and we are inclined to think, that previous to closing the Tremont for the season, the shrewd manager will comply with the somewhat exorbitant demands of Mr. K. and thus afford the Bostonians the pleasure of witnessing the fair Fanny, and her dear doting daddy, besides "making something pretty considerably handsome, out of it."

Written for the N. Y. Traveller and Times.

EVENINGS AT TWIBELL'S.

Sweet evenings I've spent by your gay fireside,
—Whilst you have been out—with your young wife and sister—
Till twelve, by the charm of their cheerfulness tied,
And when I went home—in my dreams have I missed her

Ah! no—her fair face has arose on my sleep
Like moonrise—or an isle that is silent and dreary,
Where the music of summer deliciously weep,
And the Spirit could gaze till with extacy weary.

But I'm much less in love with her than with you—
For the girls I have loved all turned up their noses,
And their brothers their fists—it never will do—
My boys I fear wont be colored with roses.

Wedlock at me has scowled like old Haya,
Tho' I've tried in my life, at least half a dozen—
So I most have a mind to—some of these days—
Look Cupids at my sweet Connecticut Cousin.

Would she go the whole Graham—perhaps you would see
An armful of dear little babies—no strictures—
Would she whirl through the world rough and tumble with me,
George I will get you to—paint all their pictures.

Should the day of my life, which has risen in gloom,
Grow bright ere its noon-time, and go down in glory,
Fame—wealth—love and beauty 'tween this, and the tomb,
Come like soft music, and tremble before me.

From the triumph of fame—the temptation of wealth—
The luxury of love, and the madness of beauty,
To your dear little home I shall oft steal by stealth—
For there I first heard the fond whisper of Duty.

That said, how my youth had been trifled away—
My talents on treacherous weaknesses wasted,
And never—no! not for a single day,
The true bliss of being—among them all—tasted.

I will try if I cannot drag my name out
From the gutter of error, and gallantly place it,
Where Earth shall exclaim with a smile and a shout,
Dear Donald—Posterity will not efface it.

Tell our children how hard was our struggle at first
Through Poverty's mist into happier weather—
But we calmly moved on, with a laugh at the worst,
Till—we mounted Society's summit together.

When the wintery eve of the mind steals on;
Whilst the starlight of memory is glimmering around us,
Twill be pleasant to talk of the years that are gone,
And tighten the ties of affection that bound us.

Jan. 31, 1833.

ERRATTA.—In Mr. Clarke's stanzas on WOMAN, last verse but one, read—

Ambition's grand excitement wakes,
——lip its softness takes,

A GIFT WORTH TAKING.

A "Kennebec Farmer" has made us a present of four cartridges, which he drew when serving in the war of the Revolution. They contain a ball and three buckshot each, and appear to be in good order for use. The gentleman who gave them us, says he is ready to quit his farm, and take his musket again, whenever his country shall need his services.—*Augusta Age.*

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

L. HALBERT, Chaser and Jeweller, No. 144 Fulton street.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

ROBERT N. WHITE, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 15 Liberty street, corner of William.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer, No. 126 Canal street.

A. KILSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

GEORGE W. ROLLINS, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 71 Chambers street, corner of Broadway.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

JOSEPH SMITH'S wholesale and retail Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory, No. 302 Pearl street, a few doors above Franklin square, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

POCKET BOOK MANUFACTORY.—An extensive assortment of Pocket Books for sale wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 50 Fulton street, New York. GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock.

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Water proof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.

BUCK'S CHEMISTRY, price $1 50; Emmons' Mineralogy, price $1 50; Buck's Medical Jurisprudence, price $5; Maygrier's Anatomy, price $2—just received and for sale by
SWORDS, STANFORD & CO.
Nov 17 152 Broadway

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No. 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Cigar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware; seals, keys and rings; pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

JOHN MAGUIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.

MR. ARNOLD, Surgeon Dentist, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, respectfully informs his friends and the public that his office is at No. 24 Vesey street, near St. Paul's church, where he performs all operations connected with his profession according to the latest and most approved principles.

Deficiencies of the Teeth supplied either with natural or mineral substances as required. Feb 2 2m

BOARD.—One or two Gentlemen can be accommodated with good Board, at 222, Washington-street. 12

CATSUP, a very superior article, manufactured and sold at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, where the best of OYSTERS and other Refreshments are served up to suit the palate of the most fastidious epicure.
Jan19 JOHN A. MERRELL.

TO CHAIR MAKERS.—Gold leaf and bronzes, of suitable colors for chair makers, at the lowest prices, delivered free of charges from the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich street, or No. 67 Watts st. New York, by GEORGE S. WAITE. j19

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.

N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price, free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watts st. New York.

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

WANTED—A Gardner who has been 20 years in the business, which he has a thorough knowledge of, in all its branches, wishes a situation in any part of the Union—he can give the most satisfactory references for good character and capability. Address C. B. (post paid) Museum House, corner Broadway and Anthony streets, next door to the Finish Hotel. Feb2

WAVERLY NOVELS.—Revised Edition.—Woodstock, in 2 vols. with a plate to each, is just published by L. H. PARKER, 264 Washington street, where subscribers will please call or send for their books. Price $1 25 to subscribers, for the series. St. Valentine's Day, or the Fair maid of Perth, is in press. Subscriptions received by
CHARLES S. FRANCIS,
Feb2 Under Peale's Museum, Broadway.

GEORGE DEARBORN, 71 John street, corner of Gold, has this day published a *New Edition of Dr. Johnson's Works*, with an Essay on his Life and Genius, by Arthur Murphy, Esq. in two octavo volumes—being the first complete edition published in this country. It contains twenty-seven publications of Dr. Johnson, not included in any previous American edition—is handsomely printed and bound, and sold at a low price, and may be had of the Booksellers generally. nov 1

JOSEPH C. HART, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery; Clinton Hall, No. 127 Nassau-st, New York. *Reference* to the editors of this paper is offered those who may favor him with their business from abroad. tf

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by
JACOB SOUTHART.

BOOTS AND SHOES POLISHED AND REPAIRED in the best style at No. 88 Nassau st. in the basement, by
nov10 GRIFFIN & THOMAS.

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.

Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery.

THE BOOK OF THE CONSTITUTION.—Just published by PETER HILL, 94 Broadway, "The Book of the Constitution."

CONTENTS.—Introduction, containing a brief sketch of the formation of the Confederacy, &c.; the Constitution of the United States, with the amendments; Address and Resolution of the Convention which framed the Constitution; a Synopsis of the several State Constitutions; the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 and '99, with Mr. Madison's Report, Mr. Jefferson's Letter on State Rights, Mr. Madison's Letter on his Report of 1799, and Nullification; Address, &c. of the Hartford Convention; South Carolina Ordinance; President's Proclamation; Extracts from Webster's Speech—and other valuable matter. Compiled by Edwin Williams, author of the N. Y. Annual Register, and embellished with a portrait of Washington. Feb 2

A CARD.

JAMES M'CARTHY MURPHY, from Dublin, Merchant Tailor, 66 Chamber street, two doors from Broadway, begs, most respectfully, to return his most sincere thanks to those gentlemen who have so highly favored him with their orders; and would assure them that it will be his constant study to merit their favor and support, by keeping constantly on hand a well selected stock of the west of England Cloths, Cassimeres, Valencia and Fancy Silks, for their use.

N. B. Those gentlemen who have not tested Mr. M'Murphy's Coats will do well to make a trial of his superior and gentlemanly like Coats.
Feb 9 1m

PROSPECTUS OF PORTER'S FAMILY LIBRARY OF HEALTH.

POPULAR Medicine—Science of Human Life—Prevention and Cure of Disease: to be issued every two months, in volumes of about 150 pages, 12 mo.—the first vol. to appear in March.

The first volume will be devoted to the interesting subject of eating and drinking—embracing a consideration of the qualities of the different articles subservient to the nourishment of man; and such rules and precepts relative to their use and abuse as shall enable the reader to guard against the injurious effects of excess; without, however, inculcating the necessity, or even propriety of a painful and rigorous abstinence. This subject is confessedly of the last importance to every man, as there are none who may not, in fact none who do not suffer to a greater or less extent, from the infraction of the laws of the human economy in reference to diet; the regulation of which, founded upon sound and enlightened principles, will frequently restore to health, where the skill of the physician has been baffled; while neglect will render the highest medical talent inefficient in its ministrations. How many a fatal relapse is the physician destined every day to behold from a wilful and ignorant indulgence! How often is a malady, in its first stages, easily remediable by regimen alone, rendered incurable by neglect!

Each volume will be devoted to a single disease or subject, and complete in itself.

☞ All communications to be addressed (post paid) to the Editor, No. 20 Nassau street.—Price of each volume 50 cts. Feb2

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.

ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.

N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore, that he has received as cash, Tickets unredeemed and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, January 26, 1833. Jan 26

Miscellaneous.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE,

LICENSED by his Honor the Mayor of the City, Museum House, corner of Broadway and Anthony street, entrance next door to the Finish Hotel.—Situations of every description supplied, viz.—Book Keepers, Clerks, Bailiffs, Gunsmiths, Glovers, Tailors, Shoemakers, Cabinet-makers, Coopers, Millers, Chambermaids, Grooms, Painters, Saddlers, Blacksmiths, Stone Cutters, Pavers, Hatters, Wheelwrights, Bakers, Dyers, Nurses, Bar Keepers, Coachmen Waiters, Grooms, Stableboys, Laborers, House-keepers, Seamstresses, House-maids, Couch Makers, Cooks, &c. &c. Merchants and Tradesmen supplied with Assistants of every denomination. Families, Boarding Houses, Hotels, &c. supplied singly, or by the year if required. Canals, Rail Road, and Mining Companies, and all public works, supplied with Hands at the shortest notice. Orders taken for Printing and Advertisements. Houses and Apartments Let.

N. B. All fees paid into the Office will be returned in a given time if the parties are not provided for, vide rules in the office. Jan 26

GENERAL AGENCY BUSINESS FOR SALE, worthy the attention of any one commanding a capital of from three to four hundred dollars. Address M. H. at this Office. Jan 26

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.

The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SAXTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.
Jan 19

NEW-HAVEN & HARTFORD
STEAMBOAT LINE.

Daily; Sundays excepted. Passage from New-York to Hartford, including stage fare, $3. To New-Haven, $2.

The steamboat SUPERIOR Capt. Sanford, and the new steamboat SPLENDID, Capt. Bucher, will on Tuesday the 29th inst. commence a daily line and run as follows:—From the steamboat place, foot of Beekman-street. The Superior will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock. The Splendid, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at the same hour. Returning will leave New-Haven on the alternate day at 12 o'clock, noon.

The Superior is well known to the travelling public, and needs no commendation; no pains nor expense have been spared in the construction of the Splendid to render her in every respect a first rate boat. It is expected she will equal the Superior in speed and in other respects it is hoped she will be thought worthy of her name. The Captain and Agent will not be wanting in their exertions to promote the comfort and safety of passengers.

Excellent Post Coaches and horses are always ready on arrival of the Boat at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence, and Boston. a30

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND LIFE IN NEW YORK.—The proprietors of the New York Traveller having purchased from Mr James D. Armstrong, the copyright of the above paper, respectfully announce that they will issue it on the accustomed day, conjunctively with the Traveller. The union of the two papers will, it is hoped, afford satisfaction to each. It is the determination of the proprietors to furnish, with zealous industry, a print acceptable to all, without losing sight of the features by which each, thus amalgamated, are characterised. Mr. Porter, the former proprietor of the Spirit of the Times, is engaged, and will render his valuable aid in his peculiar department. Other arrangements have been made which will, it is trusted, tend to place the paper, in its conjoined character, on a footing of inviting respectability.
HUNT & ADAMS, 20 Nassau-st.

N. B. Subscribers and advertisers to the "Spirit of the Times" will please take notice that all dues must be paid to the proprietors of the Traveller, or their authorised agents. d1

HAVANNA SEGAR STORE.

THE subscribers have constantly on hand for sale, a large assortment of first quality Havana Segars, of the most celebrated brands, such as Dommy Gos Pellons, Sylva & Cuncio's. The long acquaintance they have in the business, and the facilities they have for purchasing in Havana, one of the firm being in Havana part of the time, will insure to their purchaser a superior article to that obtained at any other establishment. Orders from the principal cities in the United States, will be promptly attended to. One of the partners will leave here for Havana first of March, and would take orders for any article in their line, and execute them at the lowest rates. J. HENRY & Co.
mar 1 tf No. 100 Bowery

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES!!!—204 Washington Street, (nearly opposite the Marlboro' Hotel,) is the cheapest and best Store in Boston, for repairing every kind of Shell or Horn, or French Combs.

Henry George Arthur continues to cement teeth in plain Combs, for the very low price of *sixpence* each! And to polish for the reduced charge of *six cents* each. Comb.

Wrought Combs repaired or polished in a superior style.

Watches, Jewelry and Musical Boxes, cleaned and repaired.

☞ Cash for Shell.
Dec. 29.

VARIETY BREAD STORE,
352 BROADWAY.

PIERCE & LUKE, successors to A. & D. Woodman, 352 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, keep constantly for sale, a great variety of bread, consisting of about forty different kinds of Crackers, Cakes, Bread and Fancy Biscuits,

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Valuable Books

PRACTICAL HOUSE CARPENTER.

JUST published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, *Benjamin's Practical House Carpenter* being a complete developement of the Grecian Orders of Architecture, methodised and arranged in such a simple and comprehensive manner, as to be easily understood; each example being fashioned according to the style and practice of the present day, containing examples of the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite Orders, with all their details drawn to a large scale; to which are added, a series of Designs for Porticos, Frontispieces, Doors, Windows, Caps and Sills, Sash Frames, Sashes and Shutters, Base and Sur-Base Mouldings, Architraves, Chimney Pieces, Trusses for Roofs and Partitions, Stairs, &c. Engraved on sixty-four large quarto copper plates. By Asher Benjamin, Architect. Author of 'The American Builder's Companion,' and 'the Rudiments of Architecture. Wholesale orders should be addressed to R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, No. 18 & 20 Cornhill, Boston.
apr 19 tf

THE TOKEN—For 25 cents.—The Christmas Token, or New Testament Scenes, by the author of 'Green Mountain Annals,' pp. 64, illustrated with 12 engravings.

"This is an interesting narrative of New Testament Scenes, particularly suitable for Christmas and New Year's presents."—*N. Y. Weekly Messenger.*

"An excellent little work, we have no doubt, judging from the pen that has produced it."—*N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.*

"A neat little book, which cannot but interest the juvenile reader."—*N. Y. Gazette.*

Published and for sale by PETER HILL,
91 Broadway.

Who has a very large assortment of Juvenile Books constantly on hand, suitable for presents. dec 22

DECEMBER 1st. THE PIRATE, Revised Edition, in 1 vol. of the New Monthly Issue of the Waverly Novels, is this day published by S. H. PARKER, 164 Washington street, Boston, where subscribers will please call or send for their books—subscription price 75 cts per vol for the series.

☞The Fortune of Nigel is in press, and by Charles S. Francis in Broadway, N. Y. dec. 15.

JUST Published, by WAITT & DOW, the GRAMMATICAL INSTRUCTER; containing an exposition of all the essential Rules of English Grammar, with their variations carefully arranged under their respective Parts of Speech—the whole interspersed with a variety of familiar and entertaining illustrations, well adapted to impart a thorough and critical knowledge of the science. By Samuel B. Emmons.

"A Knowledge of grammer is the foundation of all literature. Without this knowledge, opportunities for writing and speaking are only occasions for men to display their unfitness to write and to speak." For sale at the book stores in New York. dec. 15.

HISTORY OF THE U. STATES, IN FRENCH.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS—with questions for the examination of Pupils on the sense of the text in the English language—by C. O. Barbaoux. The History of the United States is selected from a series of French publications of a similar character, and prepared for the use of Schools in this country. The editor has added a set of questions for reviewing the lessons after translating it to the class; as these refer to the sense and cannot be answered without a correct understanding of the French Text, it is believed that they will render the work a most desirable class book in all our Schools where the French language is studied. This day published by
CARTER, HENDEE & CO.
Boston, and for sale at the Bookstores in New York.
Nov 17

JUST published, by LINCOLN & EDMNADS Boston, Blake's First Book in Astronomy. The following is an extract of a letter from H. Burrit, Esq. the author of the Treatise on the Encke Comet, which excites so much interest the present year. Mr. Burritt may be considered one of the most scientific astronomers in this country. "I believe I am entitled to the praise of being first to introduce your "First Book in Astronomy" into the schools in this country. I have been anxiously watching the press for years, to find something on this subject adapted to primary instruction as a school book, that should combine enough of the attractions of the science to give it interest, and at the same time, so much of its exact and physical elements as to give it a suitable degree of scientific accuracy. I have a dozen different works purporting to bear something of this character, but am not entirely satisfied with any of them. About a month since, I found your "First Lessons" in Hartford, brought home a copy and examined it, and immediately sent back and purchased *all* that were at that place. To tell the truth, I had commenced and progressed some chapters in a similar work myself; for my own experience, as a humble teacher and admirer of the science, enables me to say, that something, other and better than that we had, was greatly wanted. I rejoice, therefore, in the appearance of your little book, and am of opinion, that with such trifling improvements as a revision may suggest, it will leave too little time unoccupied, to tempt forward a competitor in the same field." For sale by D. Felt, Collins & Hannay, N. & J. White, and J. Lockwood, New York. 99.

SHERWOOD'S SCRIPTURE PRINTS.

PUBLISHED BY PETER HILL, 94 Broadway.

Scripture Prints, with Explanations, in the form of Familiar Dialogues—by Mrs. Sherwood. "The striking lithographic prints in this ornamented duodecimo of 250 pages, have finely illustrated the meaning of so beautiful a writer as Mrs. Sherwood. The book contains 23 conversations on Scriptural subjects, and has as many very good lithographic illustrations. It will make a fine Annual to present to children."—*Badger's Weekly Messenger.*
Nov 17 tf

SCHOOL BOOK REPOSITORY.

WILLIAM HYDE & CO. keep a very extensive assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS, comprising all the various kinds used in the schools through out our country, which they are supplying country booksellers, merchants, Academies, school committees, scholars and families, on very liberal terms. Orders from any part of the United States will receive prompt attention and be executed with fidelity.
nov 10 tf

STOUGHTON COLLECTION—CHURCH MUSIC.

JUST published by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, Washington-st. Boston, and Concord, N. H. opposite the Capitol, the 4th edition, enlarged and improved. This work was arranged by the Stoughton Musical Society. It has been improved and stereotyped, and the publishers have spared no pains or expense in rendering it worthy of extended patronage. It is printed on royal size paper of good quality, and strongly bound. The type is of Lothian's construction, New-York, and for beauty and distinctness, is superior to any thing of the kind ever produced in this country. A writer in a Boston Journal, gives the following reasons for his partiality to the work. Without further recapitulation, we shall give our reasons why we adopted a signature as being friendly to the Stoughton Collection of Church Music.

1st. Because it affords that variety of music calculated to please, and beneficially to effect the people of this country. 2d. because it has reinstated many of the old American tunes, of great merit, in their proper rank—which before were the same as lost to the world—they being out of print. 3d. because it is compiled with strict reference to the wants of the whole community, and not particular for one class, to the exclusion of others. 4th. because the alterations in the old tunes do not interfere with our pleasurable associations, and the established habits and tastes of a large portion of our singers. 5th. because its arrangement is to remain unchanged—until another and a different taste prevails among the people. 6th. because by the performances of its pieces, the objects and ends are fully answered. Price low. july 19

NEW LOOKING GLASS PORTRAIT, AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken a store 568 Pearl street, four doors from Broadway, where he intends to carry on the Burnish and Oil Gilding, such as framing portraits, paintings, prints, minia tures, ladies needle work and pictures of all descriptions. New frames made for looking glass plates. Old frames regilt and cleaned. Carved and plain wood and metal of all kinds, gilt in oil in the best manner and on reasonable terms. The smallest favors gratefully received and promptly attended to.
Ship Gilding particularly attended to.
dec. 15 JOSEPH CABOT 568 Pearl-st.

FISHING AND FOWLING TACKLE STORE, wholesale and retail by CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1, Maiden lane, near Broadway, New York. Gut, grass, hair, silk and hemp lines; hickory, ash, hazel and Bamboo Rods, either salid or in the walking stick, for fly and other fishing; single and compound Reels, of superior quality; Hoops and Nets; Fishing Baskets; Artificial Baits, of all kinds; Fish Hooks of every description; Swivels, brass and steel; Swivel Leads; Bait Needles; Disgorgers; Bait Boxes, & Floats, of all sizes. Also, single and double barrelled Guns and Pistols, of various qualities; shot belts, single and double; Powder and Liquor Flasks; Game Nets; Cleaning Rods; Wad Cutters; Nipple-wrenchers and Turn-screws; Dog Whips and Calls; Dog Collars of all sizes; Drinking Cups; Pocket Lights, Sportsmen's Apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon and Cork Screw; Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot; Swords, Epaulets and Plumes. Also, a variety of articles in the Hardware & Cutlery line. dec15

HENRY BAILEY, No. 15 Court Street, Boston, has constantly on hand a great variety of Hatters Furs, Trimmings, Buffalo Robes, &c.—also, Ladies and Gentlemen's Gloves of all sizes and colors, at the lowest cash prices. mar 1 tf

EMPORIUM OF FASHION.

G. WADE, from London, successor to Joseph Call-in, 4 1-2 Wall st, respectfully gives notice that he attends to SHAVING AND HAIR-CUTTING, in the neatest tyle. Wigs, Curls, and Toopees made at the shortest notice and lowest price.
Razors Ground and Honed and put in complete order. 1no

Popular Houses.

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.

The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia, and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support, they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

REMOVAL.
L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,

HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends*. N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, (and "they are as plenty as blackberries,") shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication; although many of them he shall reserve for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other, ridiculous things that cannot be mentioned at this time.
june 13 1y Eagle Tavern, Albany.
South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

CONGRESS HALL.

PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON, (Formerly Cruttenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regular attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.*
june 1y

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS,
To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.

STAGES will leave Wilder's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats or stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 3 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M.; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Holliston, Milford, Meudon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $5—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS, Agent.

RAILWAY HOTEL,
CARBONDALE.—Penn.

THIS establishment, having been enlarged and fitted up in a superior manner, is now open for the accommodation of men of business, travellers, and parties of pleasure. The table is furnished with the best of provisions, the bar with the choicest wines, and the reading room with the principal New York, Philadelphia, and other newspapers.—The situation of the village of Carbondale, in the very heart of the mountains, renders it one of the healthiest resorts for invalids and families—the scenery in the vicinity, wild and picturesque, offers the greatest inducement to the admirers of nature, while the extensive coal works of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company of which this is the seat; the Mines, the Railways, the inclined Plains, by which the coal is conveyed over the mountains, present attractions to every one, as well from the novelty as the magnitude of the undertakings. Every attention will be given to the comfort and accommodation of boarders, and travellers may depend upon the most prompt compliance with their wishes. E. M. TOWNSEND.

TREMONT RESTAURATEUR,
Tudor's Buildings, Court Street, Boston. Mass

JOHN E. HUNT, takes this opportunity of expressing his gratitude to his friends and the public for their liberal patronage during the past season. The experiment of a *genteel retreat* for refreshments on a plan of the Southern cities, he is gratified to state, has been now successfully tried. The rooms and apartments have been now extensively enlarged, a News Room and Supper Room and several additional small rooms have been added, which will enable the proprietor to furnish Suppers, Game, and Wines, to parties, fire-companies and clubs, in first style, at short notice.

J. E. H. feels confident that this improvements will meet with the approbation of the public. His large will continue to be supplied with the best produce in the market, and his wines have been procured from the best stock in the city. The decorum, propriety and style of his establishment having secured a liberal patronage, the proprietor hopes that it will be continued and increased.

Regular boarders can be received upon reasonable terms. mar 1 tf

EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE,
Corner of South Market and Hamilton Street Opposite the Eagle Tavern, Albany.

THE situation of this Hotel is extremely eligible and convenient, is well for the business men of this city as for the traveller, being located in the business part of the city, and in the vicinity of the principal landing place of the steam boats, &c. From the promenade erected on top of the house, a view of the river for many miles, and the surrounding scenery, "with all its pageantry of hill and dale," may be commanded as far as the eye can reach. The subscriber pledges to supply his table with the various delicacies and substantials of the season, and that his bar at all times shall be furnished with the choicest liquor of every description. He trusts that a disposition to please, and an attention to business he may merit and receive the continuance of that patronage which has heretofore been liberally bestowed by a generous public. AMMON RANEY.

N. B. Since the above notice was written, a handsome addition of Parlors have been connected with the establishment, and the principal papers of the different cities have been added to the News Room.
Albany, june 29. 6m

CARD.

A. P. FONDA, having disposed of his interest in the Merchant's Hotel to Mr. Isaac Hill, late of the Franklin House, New Haven, Conn. respectfully begs leave to tender his grateful acknowledgements to the guests of the establishment, for their liberal patronage while conducted by Mr. Thurston and himself.

Mr. Fonda solicits his personal friends to continue their patronage to the establishment, as under its present arrangement he is confident a more efficient Host takes his place.

N.B All demands due to or from the firm of Thurston & Fonda, will be settled by Henry Thurston.
A. P. FONDA,
nov1 1m HENRY THURSTON.

A. H. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broadway. dec8.

Stages and Steamboats.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
NEW LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA.
MORNING PILOT LINE,
Of U. S. Mail, Troy built safety Coaches.—Through in one day.

The Pilot Line leaves New York every morning at 10 o'clock, and arrives in Philadelphia the same evening, passing through all the principal towns, via Jersey City, Newark, Elizabethtown, Bridgetown N. W. Brunswick, Kingston, Princeton, Trenton, Bristol, Holmesburg, and Frankford.

The Pilot Line arrives in time to take the Baltimore and Pittsburg Coaches, which leave Philadelphia every morning.

From the care taken in establishing the "PILOT LINE," and the determination on the part of the proprietors that nothing shall be wanting to render the accommodations of the best order, they would respectfully solicit the patronage of a liberal public.

For seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, at the U. S. Mail Coach Office old No. 1 Cortlandt street, New York, and at the U. S. Mail Coach Office No 28 South Third street, Philadelphia.

JAS. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.
☞ All goods, specie and baggage at the risk of the owners. Jan 12

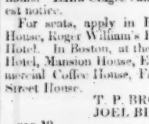
CITIZEN'S LINE.
BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

STAGES leave Boston for Providence, to intersect with the Steam Boats for New York, every morning, at 5 o'clock. Stages also leave Boston for Providence at 11 1-2 o'clock, A. M., every day, Sundays excepted, and on that day at 8 o'clock, A. M. The above line of Stages carry all passengers that enter their names to go at either of the above named hours. Extra Stages can always be had at the shortest notice.

For seats, apply in Providence, at the Franklin House, Roger William's Hotel, and the Manufacturer's Hotel. In Boston, at the Tremont House, Marlboro' Hotel, Mansion House, Exchange Coffee House, Commercial Coffee House, Franklin Hotel, and Howard Street House.

T. P. BROWN, Boston,
JOEL BLAISDELL, Providence,
apr 19 eply *Agents.*

BOSTON AND PORTLAND.
Stage Company, Office No. 11 Elm Street, Boston



NEW Line of Stages from Boston to Augusta, Me. through in two days, and fare reduced to $7.

Leaves Boston every morning at 7 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Kennebunk same evening. Leaves Kennebunk next morning and arrives at Hallowell and Augusta same evening.

Passes through Haverhill, Exeter, Dover, Kennebunk, Portland, Brunswick, &c., to Augusta. R urns every day in the same order.

ALSO, Stages leave every morning, at half past 7 o'clock, for Haverhill, Exeter, Portsmouth, Newmarket, Durham, and Dover. *Returning*—Leaves Dover every Morning, at 7 o'clock, on the same route to Boston. They meet every day at Dover, the Great Falls, Berwick, Kennebunk, Saco, and Portland; on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Sandford, Alfred, Buxton, Gorham, and Portland; also, the Rochester, Wakefield, Fryeburg, and White Mountain; also, the Wolfeborough, and Moultonborough Sandwich Stages. *Northern Stages*—Leave every morning at 7 o'clock, for Concord, Hanover, Haverhill, Burlington, Montreal, and Quebec,—and return every afternoon.

Accommodation Stages—Leave every morning, at half past 7 o'clock, for Andover, Haverhill, Amesbury, and Newburyport; and returns every afternoon.—Also, leave, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M. for Reading, Andover, Bradford, and Haverhill,—and return by the same route, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Lowell, Dover, Portsmouth, and Newburyport Stages, Leave each place every morning—meet at Haverhill, and return every afternoon.

☞Extra Carriages always in readiness. The Company not accountable for Money or Baggage, unless delivered to an authorized agent. *Sundays* always excepted in our Advertisements.

HIRAM PLUMMER, *Agent.*
mar 1 tf

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDER'S, No. 11 ELM STREET, BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wilder', No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

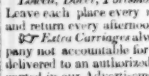
Leaves the General Stage Office, Wilder', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wilder', No 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
eply

BLOOMFIELD,—BELLEVILLE—HOBOKEN & NEW YORK DAILY STAGE.



THE *Belleville Stage Company* having established a line of Stages to run between the above villages and the city of New York, beg leave to inform the public, that a Stage will leave Daddy's Hotel, Bloomfield, every morning at half past 7 o'clock, Sundays excepted, and have Belleville at 8 o'clock, and New York every afternoon, at 2 o'clock,—Sundays excepted. They have provided themselves with first rate horses and carriages, and a careful driver, and hope, from their efforts to accommodate the public, to receive a liberal share of its patronage. Seats may be taken at Darby's, Bloomfield; and at Randolph's, between Bloomfield and Belleville, and at the Mansion House in Belleville, and at Tooley's, 93 Barclay street, N. York. Passengers will return to and set down at their residences, if a reasonable distance of the stage houses.

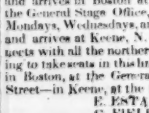
Horses and Carriages to let at the Mansion House, where parties or individuals can be accommodated.
nov 24 A. P. BEEBE, Agent.

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.

THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph F. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Deckertown to Milford. On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Deckertown to Milford. Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose, to Oswego, and thence through Ithaca to Geneva, daily.

Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, it intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it connects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Saga Point, Newton, Bath, Olian Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kennedy, No. 96 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY,
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

MERCHANT'S LINE.



TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Commerce slip, corner of Water-st. New York; Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co, Sandusky City O.; Gwynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati; O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors*

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NORWICH AND NEW LONDON.

STAGES will leave Wildes' Stage office, No. 11 Elm st. on Sundays at 12 o'clock M and Wednesdays at 7o'clock A. M.; through Newton, Hollaston, Uxbridge, Thompson, Brooklyn, and arrive in Norwich at 1 o'clock P. M. following day, and New London same afternoon, until further notice. Extra Coaches at short notice and unreasonable prices. dec 29

STAGE OFFICE.
Earle, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.

NEW YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.

Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M. lodge at Worcester, 3d day, Hartford and New Haven.

Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.

Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.

Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woolstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 24 day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.

Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.

Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Savonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 2 o'clock, A. M.

Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro, Westboro, Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extra Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

LOWELL AND BOSTON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.

COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leave Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent*

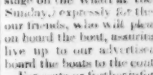
TREMONT LINE.
BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
FARE TWO DOLLARS.

A NEW and elegant Line of Post Coaches, has commenced running between the two cities as follows:—Leaves Boston every morning (except Sundays,) at 4 1-2 5 o'clock A. M., and arrives in Providence before 12 M., over an hour before the boats leave for New-York. Returning leaves Providence on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston, in less than six hours, from one to two hours before the remainder of the stages of the old line.

The proprietors of this line, respectfully inform their friends, and all those who may be pleased to favor them with it, it patronage, that notwithstanding the managers of the boats have made, and still are making extraordinary efforts to induce all passengers to avoid our line, and go in the Citizens', for reasons beyond our knowledge, yet we have had and always shall have a stage on the wharf at the boat on its arrival (except Sundays,) expressly for the accommodation of those of our friends, who will please call to pay the fare stage fare on board the boat, assuring them that we shall always live up to our advertisements. All baggage sent on board the boats to the contrary notwithstanding.

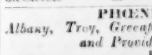
For seats or further information, apply in Providence at the Tremont Stage Office, Market Square, opposite the Franklin Hotel—in Boston, at the City Tavern, Brattle Street, or Washington Coffee House, Washington Street. m C. B. WILDER, *Agent.*

PHENIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.



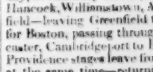
LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M.
J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.



LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Gould & Reab's, City Coffee House, 336 North Market Street, and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Bachelder's Revere House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall, and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.



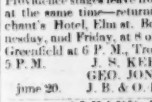
LOWELL, WORCESTER, NORWICH, Ct, & N. YORK Line of Stages, leave Lowell every day, Sundays excepted, at 7 A. M. and arrive in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in New York the 3rd day at 7 P. M.—Returning, leave Worcester, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Lowell, at 4 P. M.

LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY Stages, leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursday and Saturdays, at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days.—Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves and Walbridge's stage office, Albany, Tuesdays Thursdays, and Saturdays, and arrive at Lowell, the 2d day—intersecting at Lowell all the Eastern stages for Newburyport, Dover, Saco, and Portland.

LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 3d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Great Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell

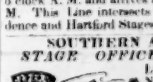
Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the Merrimack House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
a2 tf *Lowell.*

LOWELL & BOSTON,
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.



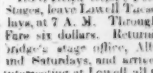
COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock, for Newburyport, Vermont, and Canada. All of the above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.



THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves Jersey City, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Meadham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c. At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to Philadelphia, Wilkesbarre, Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c. For seats, apply to John Parker, 23, Courtlandt Street, New York; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners.
mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

BOSTON AND NEWPORT
Stage, Mail via Taunton, Fall River, & Stone Bridge.



LEAVES Marlboro Hotel, Washington Street, Boston, every day, Sundays excepted, at 5 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Newport the same evening. Returning by the same route—leaves Newport, Mondays, Wednesday, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, and arrives in Boston the same evening. Leaves Newport, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7 o'clock A. M., and arrives in Boston the same evening. Fare $4.
JESSE SMITH, & Co.
ep1 *Proprietors.*

THE subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 13 Williams Street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, corner of Nassau and Cedar Streets; solicits the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give gen ral satisfaction.

The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors omnibuses. Coffee, Tea, and Refreshments to be had at all hours.
[WILLIAM HIGGS, 25 Nassau st

New Inventions.

RODGERS' PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skillful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Colbrookville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine contains the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices.
june 29.

AN ELEGANT ARTICL